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THE

DICTIONARY OF LOVE;

CONTAINING A DEFINITION OF ALL THE TERMS USED IN THE

History of the Tender Passion,

WITH

RARE QUOTATIONS FROM THE ANCIENT AND MODERN POETS OF ALL
NATIONS; TOGETHER WITH SPECIMENS OF CURIOUS MODEL
LOVE LETTERS, AND MANY OTHER INTERESTING MAT-
TERS APPERTAINING TO LOVE, NEVER BEFORE
PUBLISHED; THE WHOLE FORMING A RE-
MARKABLE TEXT-BOOK FOR ALL LO-
VERS, AS WELL AS A COMPLETE
GUIDE TO MATRIMONY,
AND A COMPANION
OF MARRIED
LIFE.

TRANSLATED, IN PART, FROM THE

FRENCH, SPANISH, GERMAN, AND ITALIAN,

WITH

Several Original Translations from the Greek and Latin.

BY

THEOCRITUS JUNIOR.

NEW YORK:
DICK & FITZGERALD, PUBLISHERS,
No. 18 ANN STREET.

FILED according to Act of Congress in the year 1858, by
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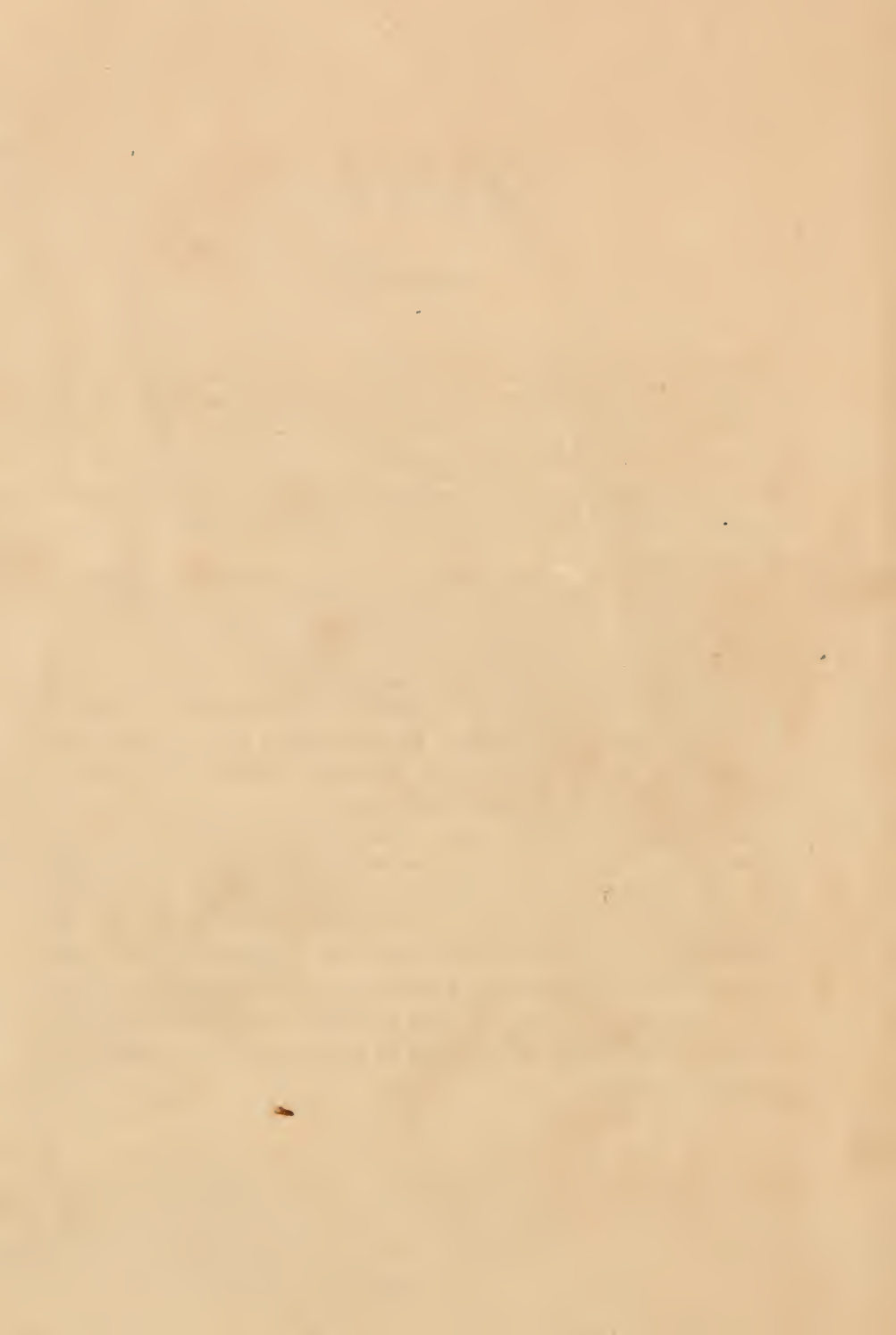
NOTE.



THE only merit which the author of this work claims is, that he has honestly tried to suit himself; and has accomplished that purpose so far as the time which he has been able to devote to it allows. If the public is pleased, he will receive great gratification—but, in these days of embarrassing uncertainty in literary affairs, he deemed it prudent, as well as respectful to himself, to make sure that at least *one* should be pleased with his performance.

As the author has not been compelled to write the book to get bread, and as he has enjoyed the amiable company of a contented stomach during the whole time he has been engaged upon it, he has reason to hope that the work is free from the immorality of ill-nature, and from the bad example and worse manners of fault-finding. He has the peculiarity to believe that this world, instead of being so bad as many paint it, is the best one there is this side of eternity, and ought, therefore, to be respected and enjoyed in a rational and thankful manner.

But, while thus inclined to laugh with the general happiness of nature, it will be found that he is not the less disposed to frown at immorality and vice. He does not allow himself to entertain a doubt that this Dictionary will be diligently studied by many thousands of earnest and devoted pupils. Being the only book of the kind in existence, he claims for it at once the credit of being a standard authority, which he may do without presumption on his own part, as he has consulted the most eminent authors of all ages and of nearly all nations, who have written upon the delicate subject.



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DICTIONARY OF LOVE.

ABSENCE.

ABSENCE is considered the great bane and torment of lovers. Every lover writes to his beloved that, when absent from her, the time lags on leaden wings—minutes are tortured into hours, hours into days, days into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, and years into interminable ages. Existence has become a burden, and he is kept alive only by the sweet hope of meeting the dear object again.

“O tell him I have sat these three long hours,
Counting the weary beatings of the clock,
Which slowly portion'd out the promis'd time
That brought him not to bless me with his sight.”

BAILLIE'S *Ranger*, Act i. 1.

“My eyes are robb’d of what they loved to see;
 My ears of the dear words they used to hear;
 My longing arms of the embrace they covet.”

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER’S *Valentinian*.

“From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress’d in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
 That heavy Saturn laugh’d and leap’d with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odor and in hue,
 Could make me any summer’s story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew.
 Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.”

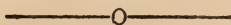
SHAKESPEARE’S *Sonnets*.

In Colin Clout’s “Come home again,” we have this exquisite passage:

“Whilst thou wast hence all dead in dole did lie;
 The woods were heard to wail full many a sig’l,
 And all the birds with silence to complain;
 The fields with faded flowers did seem to mourn,
 And all their flocks from feeding to refrain;
 The running waters wept for thy return,

And all their fish with languor did lament :
But now both woods, and fields, and floods revive,
Sith thou art come, their cause of merriment."

Yet, bitterly as lovers are wont to complain of *absence*, it is often the best friend of the tender passion. It is the only remedy for the satiety and indifference which are apt to come of too close and too prolonged an intimacy. Many a lover has regained his failing fortunes, in the breast of his fair one, by a brief absence; while many a one has lost her altogether, by persecuting her growing indifference perpetually with his presence.



ADORER.

This word, which was once so common in the love-cant, is now quite obsolete, except with the lowest class of people.

"See at your feet your poor adorer dies,"

is no longer the fashion of making love, with people of sense and cultivation. "*I more than love—I adore you,*" is generally the language of a *knave* to a *fool*. A man of sense will rarely use such language to a woman he

respects ; and a woman of sense will seldom fail to regard such professions as evidences of a thoughtless extravagance, or of a designing and criminal insincerity. The professional love-maker, the heartless libertine, whose highest claims to the dignity of manhood are his *moustache* and *goatee*, will play these phrases off upon silly, vain, and inexperienced girls, but they would never venture them upon a woman of experience and good sense. The kind of man who is in the habit of telling women that he *adores them*, is generally incapable of adoring anybody but himself ; and self-interest lies at the bottom of all his vaporing professions.

“ Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain.”

LEAR, Act iii. 1.

“ Think’st thou there are no serpents in the world
But those who slide along the grassy sod,
And sting the luckless foot that presses them ?
There are, who in the path of social life,
Do bask their spotted skins in fortune’s sun,
And sting the soul—ay, till its healthful frame
Is changed to secret, festering, sore disease,
So deadly is the wound.”

BAILLIE’S DE MONFORT, Act i. 2.

ADVANCES.

To make *advances* to a lady is to approach her with an air of fondness, and to show her attentions which are understood to be the first steps towards a *declaration of love*. They are the premonitory symptoms of a proposal. But, by common consent, the word is now more especially used to signify those peculiar and indefinable little attentions which a lady bestows upon a gentleman whose notice she wishes to attract towards herself. A lady may not *propose* to a gentleman, but she may lawfully do all in her power to put *him* in the notion of *proposing*. She may be very glad to see him when he calls, or she may gently chide him for staying away so long, or she may say, "we feared you had forgotten us," or she may, by the purest accident, always happen to get a seat very near him whenever she is in his company. And, when this kind of thing has gone on long enough, she may grow a little more familiar in his presence, by allowing such little mishaps as to be caught *en dishabille*, especially if she has a voluptuous and charming figure; on which occasion, however, she must show a little confusion, and a slight blush will add amazingly to the power of her half-uncovered charms. It is clearly a lady's right to modestly open the way for the approaches of a gentleman whose heart she honorably wishes to obtain—and this is called *making advances*. But it is hazardous

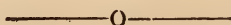
ground for a woman to stand upon, and unless such *advances* are conducted with infinite delicacy, tact, and skill, she is quite sure to overthrow herself by them. However pure her own soul may be, the world watches her every step with a prying or suspicious eye.

“The honor of a maid is her name;
And no legacy is so rich as honesty.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“Her name—
That flower of woman's pride, which ta'en away,
From a bright paragon, she turns a thing
For basest eyes to look upon—
Is blasted past the power of rain and sun
To bring it to its pristine hue again.”

THE WIFE, *Knowles*, Act iv. 2.



ADIEU.

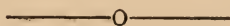
This word literally means, *to God*, or, *I commend you to God*. It is as sacred as it is beautiful, and is the tenderest expression that departing love can bestow upon its object.

“Adieu, a heart-warm fond adieu!”

is saying all that can be uttered of affection and faith. It is almost as expressive as that beautiful silence at parting,

where the emotion is too deep for words, and a voiceless tenderness almost stops the heart from beating.

“ My adieu shall be only a sigh,
For no word can I speak to thee, dear :
And when breathed, on the lips it shall die,
And be quenched in my heart with a tear.”



AGE.

This is a word often used, and discussed, in the conversation of lovers, and there is probably no other word in our vocabulary that occasions so many equivocations and white lies. And, then, it is a mighty engine of malice in the mouths of young ladies who wish to disparage the charms of a middle-aged coquette, whose superior experience and skill often render her a dangerous rival of their unripened and ill-managed charms. They will never let an occasion go by to allude to “*her age*,” and to taunt their young beaux with being *fond of old age*, or with being *admirers of antiquity*. To all of which, if they are sharp enough, they may reply, in the language of Lord Byron, that “The autumn of some women is preferable to the spring of others,” or, with the facetious Mr. Sheridan, “Take the green who will, but ripe fruit for me.” Besides it is not quite fair to call a woman “old” until she is fifty, and many a lady is

really younger at thirty-five and forty, than others are at twenty. A dull and lifeless young girl, who "sits like her grandmother cut in alabaster," however faultless her beauty otherwise, is a thousand times less charming than a woman of wit and spirit of forty. Indeed the heyday of love with many women is from thirty to forty, and at this age experience has taught them how to make the most of their ripe and mellow charms. It sometimes happens that green boys fall in love with women who are older than their mothers.

But it is a far more common sight to see young girls in love with old men. In the language of love, however, men consider themselves young until they are sixty, or even sixty-five. And those who have led temperate and orderly lives, no doubt, generally are so.

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
Nor did with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility ;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly : let me go with you ;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities."

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act ii. 3.

For the husband to be ten or fifteen years older than the wife is not considered a great disparity in years ; and

young women of a certain amount of experience or observation, very often prefer a middle-aged man for a husband, as they feel more secure of his undivided affections than if he were of that roving age, before his "wild oats have been sown," and when the love of novelty and adventure is yet unsubdued within him. The saying that, "*It is better to be an old man's darling, than a young man's slave,*" has long since passed into a proverb in the chronology of love. But it is none the less an unnatural and a disgusting sight to see the yet budding charms of youth locked in the palsied embraces of wrinkled and gouty old age—as unnatural as it would be to see spring laying its head of flowers in the icy lap of winter. This outrage upon nature is quaintly set forth in the following extract from an anonymous poem published in 1656, entitled AN OLD MAN COURTING A YOUNG GIRL:

OLD MAN.

Come beautious Nymph, can'st thou embrace
An aged, wise, majestic grace,
To mingle with thy youthful flames
And make thy glories stayd? The Dames
Of looser gesture blush to see
Thy *Lilies* clothed with gravitie!
Thy happier choice! thy gentle *Vine*
With the sober *Elm* intwine!

YOUNG GIRL.

"Cease *Grandsire-Lover* and forbear
 To court me with thy *Sepulchre*,
 Thy chill *December* and my *May*,
 Thy *Evening* and my *Break of Day*,
 Can brook no mixture, no condition,
 But stand in perfect opposition.
 Nor can my active heart embrace
 A shivering *Ague* in love's chase."

It is true that we have very venerable authority, in the history of King David, for employing young damsels as *stoves* to counteract the cold weather of winter; but the strong repugnance of nature to such an extraordinary domestic economy has succeeded in repealing this act, so far as to render it of no binding authority in the statute of love.

Pascal remarks that "Love has no age—as it is always renewing itself."

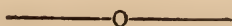
Rétif de la Bretonne says, "We can be loved at any age, by employing the proper means of that age; in youth, it is by the senses that we arrive at the heart; in ripe age, it is by the heart that we arrive at the senses."

"The autumn of love
 Is the season of cheer—
 Life's mild Indian summer,
 The smile of the year!

Which comes when the golden
Ripe harvest is stored,
And yields its own blessings—
Repose and reward.

“The winter of love
Is the beam that we win
While the storm scowls without,
From the sunshine within.
Love’s reign is eternal—
The heart is its throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for his own.”

MORRIS.



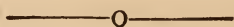
AGREEABLE.

This is one of the most sly and hypocritical words in the whole jargon of love. Tame, moderate, and modest as it sounds, it, not unfrequently, is a cover for the most intense and burning passion of love. A girl who is found too often in the company of a young man, when pressed for an explanation by an anxious mamma, will reply that she does not love him at all, but he is very *agreeable*. Which may simply mean that she is telling a little falsehood, or that she is deceiving herself.

It is a word which gallant gentlemen often address to very plain or ill-favored ladies. When desiring to be

amiable to them, and to put such unfortunate women in good countenance with themselves, they will say, "*Madam, I take great pleasure in returning to you, for I really find nobody more 'agreeable' than yourself.*" As she would be most happy to believe this, she will be quite sure to swallow the bait. And if this is done with no sinister motive, but with the amiable feeling of genuine politeness, it is not only pardonable but *commendable*; for it is a duty which we all owe to society to render ourselves as *agreeable* to others as possible.

But let young girls beware how they allow that sly and mischievous god, Cupid, to hide himself under this plain and home-spun word, "*agreeable!*" *Agreeable* is the outer gate to the temple of love, which if a man passes, he is too apt to find all the other doors ajar.



AGITATIONS. ALARMS. ANXIETY.

AGITATIONS.—The lover is full of *agitations*, especially when the passion is young and inexperienced. Byron says,

"Love is so very timid when 'tis new,"

and it is easily detected by its little embarrassments and agitations, which seem to divide a young girl's attention between the pleasing words of her lover and the emo-

tions that are struggling in her breast. This *agitation* may be generally taken for a sign of true love, if indeed it does not betray the kindling fire of uncontrollable passion.

“ You have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins :
And there is much confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitudes ;
Where every something, being blent together
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Exprest and not exprest.”

ALARMS.—This is a mighty word, too, in the history of love ; as the passion lives in constant alternation between hopes and fears. The least attention bestowed upon anybody else, even though it is done in ordinary politeness, fills the lover with sudden *alarm*, and every look, and gesture, and motion, is watched with as much anxiety as though the pulse of the lover’s own heart was throbbing in those distant objects. If the lover is away, what tender alarms fill the waiting heart, lest some accident should befall him !

“ I have watched the moon go down, and yet he comes not !”

What a thrill of dread every unusual noise sends through the listening heart ! and how every circumstance

is tortured into some doubt, or evidence of neglect! This one is undoubtedly in love. These alarms are certificates of the genuineness of the passion.

ANXIETY is a word which applies more particularly to the nervous state of the heart before the lover is won. *I wonder if he does love me? Did he get my letter, and will he answer it? Why does he stay away so long? Does he already love some one else? If he does, I wish I had never seen him!* These are the *anxious* questions which perpetually trouble the waters of a heart that has fallen a prey to the tender passion.

“Anxiety for thee
Has marked my brow with care;
The heart once blithe and free,
A victim to despair.”

OLD SONG.



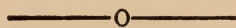
AMIALE.

This is a most happy and fortunate word, for it is used as a cover for all the physical defects of beauty. If a man has an ill-favored daughter, or wife, or sister, he comforts himself, and wins the respect of others for her, by saying that “*She is not handsome, to be sure, but she is so very* AMIALE.” This is a mantle that covers a multitude of

sins. And it must be confessed that a *sweet disposition* will go a thousand times farther in securing happiness to the circle of home than all the exquisite charms of beauty without it.

"A speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad ; a good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow : but a good Heart is the sun and moon ; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps its course truly."

HENRY V., Act v. 2

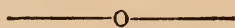


ADVENTURE.

An *adventure* is an affair of love more accidental and less studied than an *intrigue*. If a lady and gentleman who were strangers get acquainted in a car, steamboat, or hotel, and their acquaintance suddenly assumes the form of a flirtation or courtship for the journey, it is called an *adventure*. It is a thing which married gentlemen, or parents who send their wives or daughters on long journeys alone, exceedingly dread and fear. But discreet husbands and parents are not in the habit of exposing their wives and daughters to such temptations and dangers. It is a miracle, if a woman, thus exposed, entirely escapes contamination. Every car, and steamboat, and hotel, is as

full of men seeking *adventures* as Egypt was of *vermin* in the days of Pharaoh, and we shall be fortunate if the modern *pests* do not, following the example of their Egyptian prototypes, get into our "kneading-troughs and bed-chambers."

But virtuous women, especially those who have been properly educated, rarely ever form acquaintances in this manner; and *no woman* allows herself to flirt with a mere railroad acquaintance who is not already far gone on the road that leads to inevitable ruin.



ANGELS.

Angel is one of the most extravagant words which love applies to woman; and the mad kind of love which uses such strong epithets generally is the soonest to cool down into a chilling indifference.

Erasmus almost inhumanly says, "The angel that we have loved with the most amorous folly, becomes in time an old devil that we detest."

But still, the idea is not to be ridiculed that the fondest, intensest love, sees in its dear object all the graces and charms of angels; and it depends upon the purity and truth of the one that loves, as much as of the one that is loved, to say, how long this sweet religion of the passion shall last.

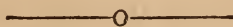
Lord Herbert fell deeply in love with a beautiful nun whom he chanced to see at Musano, and addressed her the following beautiful lines, of which we give an imitation, in verse :

*"Moria pur quando vuol no e bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voci per
esser un angelo."*

"Die when you will, you need not wear
At heaven's court, a form more fair,
Than beauty here on earth has given.
Keep but the lovely looks we see—
The voice we hear—and you will be
An angel *ready made* for heaven."

Saxe, in his "Benedict's appeal to a Bachelor" has the following humorous lines on this subject :

"Don't search for 'an angel' a minute ;
For granting you win in the sequel,
The deuce, after all, would be in it,
With a union so very unequal !
The angels, it must be confessed,
In *this* world are rather uncommon ;
And allow me, dear Charles, to suggest
You'll be better content with a woman !"



ALONE.

To be *alone* with one we love is the greatest happiness.
There is a natural modesty (amounting almost to bash-

fulness) in genuine love, which shuns the gaze of others, and almost shrinks from confession, even to itself. Mere passion is bold, pushing, and shameless, while true love almost always appears with a blush upon its cheek.

Hence, to make love before folks is regarded not only as very bad taste, but it is a sign of coarseness, if not of insincerity, in the tender passion. *Wait till we are alone*, says the modest and delicate heart, even to the most harmless demand for a kiss.

The Scotch poet, Alexander Rodger, wrote some beautiful verses on this subject, entitled "Behave Yoursel' before Folk."

"Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 And dinna be sae rude to me,
 As kiss me sae before folk.
 It wad na gi'e me meikle pain,
 Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
 To take a kiss, or grant you ane;
 But, guid sake! no before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 Whate'er you do when out o' view,
 Be cautious aye before folk.

"Consider, lad, how folks will crack,
 And what a great affair they 'll mak'
 O' naething but a simple smack,
 That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk :
 Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

"It's nae through hatred o' a kiss,
 That I sae plainly tell you this ;
 But, losh ! I tak' it sair amiss
 To be sae teased before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 When we're our lane you may tak' ane,
 But fient a ane before folk.

'I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
 As any modest lass should be ;
 But yet it does na do to see
 Sich freedom used before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 I'll ne'er submit again to it—
 So mind yoursel' before folk.

"But gin you really do insist
 That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
 Gae get a license frae the priest,
 And mak' me yours before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk ;
 And when we're ane, baith flesh and banes,
 Ye may tak' ten before folk."

ARGUS-EYES.

While love is represented as blind, every lover considers himself to be possessed of Argus-eyes, to watch the steps of his fair one. Argus had a hundred eyes, two of which only slept at once, and for this reason he was employed by Juno as her confidant. When Jupiter fell in love with Io, for fear of his wife, Juno, he turned her into the shape of a white heifer; but Juno's suspicions being aroused, she begged the heifer of Jupiter as a gift, which he did not dare to refuse; and Argus, with his hundred eyes, was set to watch her. But he was slain by Mercury, who first lulled him to sleep by the music of his pipe, and then slew him. Juno, out of pity to Argus, turned him into a peacock, scattering his hundred eyes upon the tail of that bird.

This classic story contains a salutary lesson for those Argus-eyed lovers and husbands who pride themselves upon their great cunning in keeping an Argus-eye upon their sweethearts and wives. How vain for a man to assume this character of an Argus, or of a spy, upon his wife! "Where there's a will there's a way." If she wants to cheat him she will, even though he employed a hundred Arguses to watch her. Besides, by assuming this character, he not only piques his wife's honor, but he tempts her to make a trial of her skill in beating him.

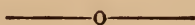
— “Be assured that since you stain
My honor thus, it shall not be in vain.”

“For who wotes not that woman’s subtilities
Can guilen Argus, when she list misdone?
It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brazen walls, nor many wakeful spies,
That can withhold her wilful wandering feet.”

SPENSER.

“Distrust is poor: and misplaced suspicion
Invites and justifies the falsehood feared.”

HILL, *Zara*, Act i. 2.



ASSIGNATION.

Assignment and *rendezvous* are forbidden words among all respectable people; and even the expert gallant, or libertine, is careful never to mention them in ears polite, or to any lady who has not lost her virgin modesty by familiarity with the history of vice. They always contrive some form of circumlocution by which the meaning is conveyed, without using the obnoxious word itself. The word properly signifies any resort, or clandestine meeting of lovers, or *intrigants*; but its popular use is now confined to meetings of a criminal design and character. There may be some of the rural districts of

America where it would yet be pardonable for a lover to sing—

“Meet me by moonlight alone;”

but it would hardly go down in polite society, in any of our populous cities. Instead of this direct language it will be said, “*Will you happen into Taylor’s to-morrow afternoon at half-past three?*” or, “*Will you be on Broadway between four and five?*” or, “*Shall we take a private box at the opera to-morrow evening?*” or, “*May I ask your parents (or your husband, as the case may be) for the privilege of taking you to some place of amusement?*”

To such exquisite perfection has the sublime art of “whipping the devil round a stump” arrived among the polite and refined.

But every lady who has been properly educated, or who has a proper self-respect, hears only with indignation any form of a proposition for a clandestine meeting. Every honorable object of love can be obtained without the degrading and dangerous resort to secret meetings and assignations.

“Ah! maiden fair!

What dost thou there,

Pry’thee declare,

At the door of thy love ere morning?

What canst thou win?

Pure from all sin,

He let thee in,—

Will he let thee out so at dawning?

“ Now stars are bright,
Wait for the light—
If not, good-night—
Good-night to your fame, says the singer!
Keep thee from harm!
List not his charm!
Fly from his arm,
If he show not the ring on his finger.”

GÖTHE.

ATTACHMENT.

Attachment is used to denote a mild form of love, which is well expressed by the term *moral esteem*. It may exist between those of the same sex, as well as those of the opposite. It is another word for friendship.

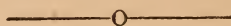
“ If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's breast between its lips.”

HENRY VI., P. ii., Act iii. 2.

“ Thus from our infancy we hand in hand
Have trod the path of life in love together;
One bed has held us, and the same desires,
The same aversion, still employed our thoughts

Whene'er had I a friend that was not Polydore's,
Or Polydore a foe that was not mine?"

OTWAY, *The Orphan*.

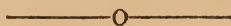


ATTACK.

A *brisk attack* is a favorite phrase of experienced hands at the business of love-making. They have probably taken a hint from the play, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY." Machiavel gives the lover a cue, in his lesson to politicians: "It is better," says he, "to sin through too much vivacity than too much timidity. Fortune is a woman, and requires a brisk attack. She grants victory oftener to rash impetuous characters than to the cold and circumspect."

Ovid, that great master of love, advances a similar sentiment.

"Love is like war: ye faint of heart! begone!
No coward hands must bear our standards on."



AVERSION.

Aversion is a strong and unconquerable dislike which sometimes possesses the heart in relation to an individual

of the opposite sex, for which, frequently, there can be no cause assigned. And whenever this aversion takes up its abode in the heart, every effort to dislodge it will generally end in making it strike deep and permanent into the very core of the passions.

“Lead me o’er bones, and skulls, and mouldering earth
Of human bodies, for I’ll mix with them;
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia’s more detested bed.”

CONGREVE, *Mourning Bride*.

When a man finds a woman thus affected towards him, in vain will he sue to her. As well may he pray to the rocks. All his kindness, all his entreating love, backed by woman’s mighty tempter, richest gifts, will only end in making him more abhorrent to her eyes. She will sooner love a man who she knows hates her than one who loves her more than she wishes him to.

If a man finds it impossible to disengage his affections from one who has contracted this *aversion* to him, the best thing he can do is to hang or drown himself, and leave his friends the comfort of knowing that he committed suicide for one who despised him.

BEAU.

Beau is a word of a somewhat various signification, according to the state of society in which it is used.

Among rustic country people it is a general term to denote a lover, or spark, or one who is attentive to a particular lady, or to the ladies generally. In the more fashionable circles of city life it is used to denote a medley character made up of about equal parts of the coxcomb, the fop, and the gallant. He is always either a woman's fool, or the successful cause of her ruin. Either she will use him for her convenience, or as a sort of upper servant, or he will succeed in his base designs upon her virtue. His profession is that of a love-maker, and he has one kind of speech, one set of verses, and one string of professions, which he rehearses to every woman he meets. He studies the weak point of a woman's character, which he generally finds to be that of vanity, and therefore he directs all his skill and power through that channel. Not often is he a man of brains enough to do more than this. With a woman of good sense he is harmless; but with the giddy, vain, and unintellectual portion of the sex he is a most dangerous character. The experienced and adroit beau generally is conservative, if not professedly religious in his opinions—that is, when his intended victim happens to be in a religious family.

"The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose,
 An evil soul producing holy witness,
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
 A goodly apple rotten to the heart,
 Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath."

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act i. 3.

Towards this *beau* every woman may safely adopt the following language of Shakspeare:—

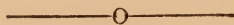
"There is one thing, Tommy, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of *pitch*, as ancient writers do report, doth *defile*; so doth keeping thee company."

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV., Act ii. 4.

The following description of a beau from the old Roman epigrammatist, Martial, shows that he was just about the same creature two thousand years ago that he is now:

"They tell me, Cotilus, that you're a beau:
 What this is, Cotilus, I wish to know?
 'A beau is one who, with nicest care,
 In parted locks divides his hair;
 One, who with balm and cinnamon smells sweet;
 Whose humming lips some Spanish air repeat.
 A beau is one who takes his constant seat,
 From morn till evening, where the ladies meet;
 And ever, on some sofa hovering near,
 Whispers some nothing in some fair one's ear;
 Who scribbles thousand billets-doux a day;
 Still reads, and scribbles, seals, and sends away."

A beau is one—none better knows than he
A race-horse and his noble pedigree—
Indeed! why, Cotilus, if this be so,
What teasing trifling thing is called a beau?"



BELLE.

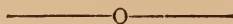
A belle is a beautiful and gay lady. A woman who is considered the handsomest and most accomplished lady of her town is called the *belle* of that place. And this is a distinction which her natural and acquired charms may obtain for her, without any assumption whatever on her part. But when it is said of a woman that she is a *great belle*, we understand that she strives for the distinction herself, and that her life is devoted mainly to the frivolities of fashion and flirting. This is a most despicable character for a woman, and corresponds to the word *beau* in the other gender. She seeks for opportunities to make conquests of the hearts of men, and is never happy except when she sees that her charms are being appreciated and admired. Such a woman is either petted, or despised, or laughed at by all men, except the *beau*, who is her natural brother.

"Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle."

Though this kind of woman trades in the names of

love and affection, she is herself a stranger to the genuine passion, and is incapable of being either a worthy wife or a good mother.

“They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that.”



BEAUTY.

Beauty has been called “the power and arms of woman.” Diogenes called it “woman’s most forcible letter of recommendation.” Carneades represented it as “a queen without soldiers,” and Theocritus says it is “a serpent covered with flowers,” while a more modern author humorously defines it “a bait that as often catches the fisher as the fish.”

Nearly all the old philosophers denounced and ridiculed beauty as evanescent, worthless, and mischievous. But, alas! while they preached against it, they were none the less its slaves. None of them were able to withstand “the sly smooth witchcraft of a fair young face.”

“Fair tresses man’s imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us by a single hair.”

A really beautiful woman is a natural queen in the

universe of love, where all hearts pay a glad tribute to her reign. But, it is nevertheless true, that the geographical standard of beauty is various and unstable. As Cowley sings:—

“Beauty, thou wild fantastic ape,
Who dost in every country change thy shape;
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white.”

But there are certain personal qualities which are quite generally recognised by all civilized nations as being traits or parts of beauty, so that we may, after all, with some hope of approbation, venture to lay down the following standard of female beauty:

1. Stature, medium, neither too fat nor too lean.
2. Symmetry, and nicely balanced proportion of all the parts.
3. Hair, black, auburn, or a distinct light or dark brown, long, bright, fine, silky, soft, and naturally curly.
4. Skin, smooth, delicate, soft, and of a lively white and red.
5. Forehead, smooth, full, neither too high nor too low.
6. Eyes, blue, black, or grey, large, and of a bright lively and amiable expression.
7. Eyebrows, dark, plentiful, arched, but not formal like pencil lines of art.
8. Nose, medium, regular, and inclining to the Grecian shape.
9. Mouth, medium, sweet, clean, and tinctured with a smile.
10. Lips, not too thick, pleasantly pouting, and of coral hue.
11. Cheeks, inclining to be full, soft, and warm, like the sunny-side of a peach.

12. Teeth, pearly white, even, not too wide, and well set.
13. Chin, rather round, plump, and ending with a dimple.
14. Ears, small and close to the head.
15. Neck, rather long than short, graceful, expanding, or swelling into the chest and bosom.
16. Bosom, snowy-white, full, firm, self-sustained, and distinctly separated.
17. Hand, white, plump but not too short, with tapering fingers, and nails of mother-of-pearl.
18. Voice, soft, agreeable, not loud, but distinct and musical
19. Foot small and nimble.
20. Ankle, small, expanding with a fine swell and insertion into the calf of the leg.
21. Body, round, plump, but not dumpy.
22. A free but unaffected carriage.
23. Manners, sprightly, graceful, modest, and refined.

The following poetical description of a beautiful woman is from Lord Dillon's *Ecce lino da Romano* :

“Rounded and full display'd the sanctuary
Of Love ; for love might well have chosen here,
So fair a shrine, to make his long abode.
Of ivory and alabaster blent
Her limbs were formed, in so exact a mould,
That their transparent forms might almost seem
To melt in air, or float impalpable,
Like the moonbeams in the quiet lake,
Nor, though she thus beauteous, ethereal, pure
As sweetest breath of early flowers, not less
She glowed a woman to the touch, that might

The type of all her sex have been. Her breast
 An altar was, in which did burn a lamp
 Exhaustless; whose bright light shed from her eyes
 Such rays of tenderness, that e'en might tame
 The lion in his rage, and bid him quit
 His prey, and couch beneath her feet (for such,
 As olden legends sing, is Beauty's power!).
 Her voice the silver bells would shame: her hair
 Like Terni's waterfall did dazzling shine;
 Nor fairer form than hers hath fancy bright
 E'er wove, or Grecian chisel ever formed
 In marble, breathing with ideal grace."

Love is the revenue of beauty," said a beautiful and witty French countess. "Madame," replied some one, "you must be very rich indeed, if all your debtors pay you." And we may be sure that they all did pay her, for beauty never yet went unrewarded of admiration and love. It is the talismanic charm which conquers alike the heart of youth and age, and brings down pride and strength to a level with humility and weakness.

The following simple lines of John Clare, the "peasant poet," happily express the potent part that beauty plays in the history of the Muses:

"I wrote my better poems there—
 To Beauty's smile I owe it;
 The Muses they got all the praise,
 But Woman makes the Poet.

The Muses they are living things,
But Beauty still is dear,
And though I worshipped stocks and stones,
'Twas Woman everywhere."

There is no distinction so much coveted by woman as beauty, nor is it her fault, alone, if she places an undue value upon so perishable a good, since there is no other excellence that so universally wins her the love of man. When Sir Horace Walpole heard that two of his female relations had quarrelled, he asked, "Did they call each other *ugly*?" "No!" "Well then," said he, "I shall soon reconcile them." Madame de Stael complained that "the ancients evinced no preference for women except for their beauty."* This celebrated Countess confessed that she would give half her knowledge for personal charms.

Mahommed, that shrewd observer of human nature, held out as a chief inducement to the faithful, that in his paradise would be found the most perfect beauties, "free from all the natural imperfections and inconveniences of that sex."

Many women who are not critically beautiful, however, achieve all the advantages of beauty, by the charming sweetness of their manners, and by the gracefulness and dignity of their carriage.

* *Les anciens n'avoient de motif de préférence pour les femmes, que leur beauté.*

Sometimes the sweetness of a woman's voice possesses a charm beyond the power of beauty even :

"Yet when she spoke, I half forgot her beauty !
 Oh ! with what melting harmony she won
 The very air to silence ; no rude breath
 Dar'd blend with hers, but nature's self stood hush'd,
 Awestruck, even as Orasmyn."

ALMEYDA, Act ii. 1.

And then again she conquers by the gracefulness of her carriage.

"With what a gait she moves ! Such was not Hebe,
 Or Jupiter had sooner lost his heaven,
 Than change his cup-bearer—a step like that
 The rapture-glowing clouds might well bear up,
 And never take for human !"

KNOWLES, *Virginus*, Act ii. 4.

The following poem of Anacreon, addressed to a Painter, contains a charming description of a beautiful woman :

"Best of Painters ! now dispense
 All thy tinted eloquence :
 Master of the roseate art,
 Paint the mistress of my heart.
 Paint her, absent though she be,
 Paint her, as described by me.

Paint her hair in tresses flowing :
Black as jet its ringlets glowing :
If the pallet soar so high,
Paint their humid fragrantcy.
Let the color smoothly show—
The gentle prominence of brow ;
Smooth as ivory let it shine,
Under locks of glossy twine.

Now her eyebrows' length'ning bend ;
Neither sever them or blend :
Imperceptible the space
Of their meeting arches trace :
Be the picture like the maid ;
Her dark eye-lids fringed with shade.
Now the real glance inspire ;
Let it dart a liquid fire :
Let her eyes reflect the day,
Like Minerva's, hazel grey,
Like those of Venus, swimming bright,
Brimful of moisture and of light.
Now her faultless nose design
In its flowing aquiline :
Let her cheeks transparent gleam,
Like to roses, strewed in cream :
Let her lips seduced to bliss,
Pouting to provoke the kiss.

Now her chin minute express,
Rounded into prettiness :
There let all the Graces play ;
In that dimpled circle stray ;

Round her bended neck delay :
 Marble pillow, on the sight
 Shedding smooth its slippery white.
 For the rest, let drapery swim
 In purplish folds o'er every limb ;
 But, with flimsy texture show
 The shape, the skin, that partial glow :
 Enough—herself appears ; 'tis done ;
 The picture breathes ; the paint will speak."

What a charming creature is described in the following verses :

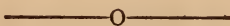
BONNIE BELL.

"Like two rosebuds crushed in snow
 Are the cheeks of Bonnie Bell
 Like the violets that grow
 'Mong the daisies in the dell
 Are her eyes—the stars of night
 Ne'er a mortal heart did swell
 With such sweet and pure delight
 As the eyes of Bonnie Bell.

"Music trembles on the lip
 Of the fairy Bonnie Bell ;
 Oh ! I'd give such sweets to sip,
 Wealth that Croesus ne'er could tell
 I would coin my brain and soul,
 Could the mintage buy a spell
 That would waft me to my goal—
 Waft and win me Bonnie Bell !

“As the sound of silver fine,
Is the voice of Bonnie Bell;
Wit, like bubbles on the wine,
Pure as pearl in ocean shell,
Sparkles through her golden theme
Joyful as a marriage bell
I could glide adown life's stream
In one boat with Bonnie Bell.”

What is called “mental beauty” is often improperly stated to possess the highest powers of fascination. But while *mental accomplishment* has an immense moral superiority over *beauty*, its effects are altogether different. The one commands our respect and admiration, while the other fascinates our senses. “Beauty,” says Mr. Burke, “is *no creature of our reason*; it strikes us without reference to its *use*.”



BLUSHES.

Blushes are sometimes the ensign of virgin modesty, which spring up into the face when the heart kindles at the mention of a beloved name, and reveal all the hidden secrets of a lad's or maiden's heart.

“Confusion thrilled me then, and secret joy,
Fast throbbing, stole its treasures from my heart,
And mantling upwards, turned my face to crimson.”

BROOKE, *Gustavus Vasa*.

Nothing can be more beautiful and charming than a blush which springs from this innocent fountain of timid and inexperienced affection.

“From every blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
Ten thousand little loves and graces spring
To revel in the roses.”

Rowe, *Tamerlane*, Act ii. 2.

But it is a mistaken idea that blushes are always the ensign of innocence and truth. They are an ambiguous livery, worn alike by modesty and shame. They are quite as often the index to the heart of a voluptuous woman, as they are to the soul of virgin love.

Blushes have been the favorite theme of the poets of all ages and of all nations, but it is doubtful if they have ever furnished a more quaint conceit than the following lines of the Kaliph Radhi Billah, an Arabian poet of great renown :

“Lelia, whene’er I gaze on thee
My alter’d cheek turns pale,
While upon thine, sweet maid, I see,
A deep’ning blush prevail.

“Lelia, shall I the cause impart,
Why such a change takes place?
The crimson stream deserts my heart,
To mantle on thy face.”

And ever and anon with rosy red
 The bashful blood her snowy cheeks did dye,
 That her became, as polished ivory,
 Which cunning craftsman's hand had overlaid
 With fair vermilion."

SPENSER.

"My flushing skin the fire betrays
 That through my blood electric strays:
 My eyes seem dark'ning as I gaze,
 My ringing ears re-echoing."

SAPPHO

"Her pure and eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheeks and so distinctly wrought,
 That one would almost say her body thought."

DR. DONNE'S *Mistress*.

"And to her cheek a crimson glow,
 Like sunset on the hills of snow,
 Came quick as thought, and linger'd still—
 'Twas virtue's watch-fire threat'ning ill."

C. CHAUNCEY BURR.

 BOLDNESS.

Boldness, in the love cant, as applied to woman, means that she is *brazen*, and destitute of the modesty which belongs to virtue. King Solomon, who ought to

be good authority, says of such a woman, "Her eyes roll with boldness on the face of men."

But a *bold woman* does not necessarily mean an unchaste one, although she may be reasonably suspected of being destitute of the principle of virtue, who is destitute of the manners of it. A bold woman generally despises her own sex, and not unfrequently hates the other, because she is envious of its masculine duties and privileges. A famous queen, who was a good representation of the bold woman, once said: "I do not like men because they are *men*, but because they are not *women*." Every man dislikes a bold or brazen woman.

The word *boldness*, as applied to man, has about the same signification as *impudence*. It implies an absence of the natural delicacy which a worthy and well-bred gentleman always manifests in the presence of ladies.

Of a bold woman Shakspeare says :

"Fy, fy upon her !

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
 Nay, her foot speaks ; her wanton spirit looks out
 At every joint and motion of her body.
 O these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
 That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
 And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
 To every ticklish reader ! set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game."

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, Act iv. 5.



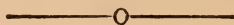
BOY-LOVE.

The passion of love in boys bears about the same relation to genuine love that green fruit does to ripe. Women of a little experience soon learn that it is not quite safe to trust boys with the secrets of their hearts, as they are apt both to misinterpret and misrepresent any little freedom of manners. At this period the imagination is morbid from weakness and inexperience; and a proneness to boast of what their vanity construes into *advances* on the part of ladies, is among the least ill consequences of flirting with boys.

The following verses on this subject, published in 1702, were attributed to the Earl of Dorset:

"The fire of love in youthful blood,
Like what is kindled in brushwood,
But for a moment burns;
Yet in that moment makes a mighty noise;
It crackles, and to vapor turns,
And soon itself destroys.
But when crept into aged veins,
It slowly burns and long remains,
And with a silent heat,

Like fire in logs, it glows and warms 'em long;
And though the flame be not so great,
Yet is the heat as strong."

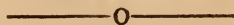


BUT AND IF.

These are fatal words in love, for they too often denote that the promptings of reason and prudence are about to succumb to the demands of inclination and passion. *But if it should be known—But if you should prove inconstant*; these, we say, are *fatal words*, for they show that she has already surrendered, and vainly strives to hide her weakness behind this entrenchment of "buts" and "ifs." *The woman who hesitates is lost*, is an old maxim, which cannot be too often repeated.

"Oh, woman! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak."

SHERIDAN, *Rivals*, Act v. 4.



CHASTITY.

This is the fairest name that lovely woman wears, and there is no charm, or accomplishment, known to beauty

which can atone for the absence of it. To be really loved and respected, woman must be—

“Chaste as the icicle,
That’s curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian’s temple.”

CORIOLANUS, Act v. 3.

“My chastity’s the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i’ th’ world
In me to lose.”

ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, Act iv. 2.

The noble Isabella in the play of Measure for Measure, exclaims—

“Were I under the terms of death,
Th’ impression of keen whips I’d wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I’ve been sick for, ere I’d yield
My body up to shame.”

MEASURE FOR MEASURE, Act ii. 4.

A Spanish poet describes an old Count as pacing up and down the room, wringing his hands in agony that his poverty will allow him to bestow no dower upon his fair daughter; upon which the daughter exclaims—

“Be silent, father mine, I pray!
For what avails a dower to me?
A virtuous child is more than wealth,
Oh, fear not, fear not poverty.”

CHANGE.

To change is the word which rustic lovers use to signify fickleness and desertion. A rustic lass dreads no calamity so much as that her lover should *change* or prove unfaithful. Cupid's curse was said to be that those who forsook old lovers for new ones should surely lose by the change, an idea which George Peele, a dramatic poet of the sixteenth century, wove into the following exquisite song in his "Arrangement of Pairs."

"My love is fair, my love is gay,
And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse.

"My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises sing
My merry, merry, merry roundelays,—
They that do change old love for new,
Pray Gods they change for worse.

"I loved thee once, I'll love no more ;
Thine be the grief as is the blame ;
Thou art not what thou wert before,
What reason I should be the same ?

God send me love my debts to pay,
But not on you to throw away :
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain."

PLAYFORD'S AIRS, 1668.



CHARMS.

This word was once of great power in the language of love, and signified innumerable devices which lovers invented to win the opposite sex, and keep them true. As an example of the kind of charms resorted to in ancient times, I may mention that lovers were in the habit of making a little image of wax and holding it near the fire, and when it began to melt it was imagined to have the power of mollifying the hard heart of an estranged lover.

This trick is alluded to by the Greek poet in the following lines :

"As this devoted wax melts o'er the fire,
Let Myndian Delphis melt with soft desire."

Rustic lovers of the present day are in the habit of performing similar charms with apple seeds on a hot shovel—if the seeds, as they become heated, are attracted

to each other it is a sign of successful love, but if they fly apart, it is the reverse.

If the lovers of ancient Greece and Rome could get into their hands anything that belonged to the person whose love they desired, success was deemed certain. Virgil's enchantress deposited her lover's garments in the ground underneath her threshold :

"These garments once were his, and left to me,
These pledges of his promised loyalty ;
Which underneath my threshold I bestow,
These pains, or sacred earth, to me my Daphnis owe."

The design of this charm seems to be to retain her lover, and keep his affections from wandering.

Virgil has described another charm in the following words—

"Bear out these ashes, cast them in the brook ;
Cast backwards o'er your head, nor turn to look ;
Since neither gods nor god-like verse can move,
Break out, ye smothered fires, and kindle smothered love."

A trick not unlike this one described by Virgil, is still performed with ashes by rustic lovers in some parts of the United States. It is worthy of notice that a great many charms described by Theocritus and Virgil as existing in their day are, in variously modified forms, practised in some of the inland districts of America at

the present time. But the *charms* which our maidens most rely upon are bright and laughing eyes, with happy faces, and a sprightly step and mien. These never fail to win a lover when they are accompanied with amiability and sweetness of manners. But a woman may be critically handsome and brilliant, and still not be *charming*. Many a rustic little girl of the country, who is as plump and as happy as a robin, with nature's roses in her cheeks and nature's health in her limbs, will beat the most brilliant city belle at the business of *charming* the men.

“She hath Dian's wit;
And in strong proof of chastity well aim'd
From love's weak, childish bow she lives unharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
Oh, she is rich in beauty!”

ROMEO AND JULIET, Act i. 2.

“The light breeze warm infolds
O'er all her floating vesture, and the charms
Of her fine shape glowed full upon the view.
Her smooth round limbs were ivory; tinged with rose
Her tapering ankles; blushed the snowy skin
O'er all her form, and as a meadow bloomed
Of roses and anemones.”

FROM THE GREEK OF NONNUS.

CHARMING.

To be *charming* is to be more than beautiful; for the greatest beauty may still be wanting in that indescribable grace which is sure to charm the affections.

It has been said, "Few women know how to console themselves for the loss of their charms; for them to cease to please, is to cease to live." And yet it is true that few women really study rationally to acquire this philosopher's stone in the art of loveliness; and if they did, it is doubtful if they could succeed, where nature has not imparted it as a gift.

"It is not mirth; for mirth she is too still;
It is not wit, which leaves the heart more chill;
But that continuous sweetness which, with ease,
Pleases all around it from the wish to please."

"Such was Zuleika! such around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her alone:
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole,
And oh, that eye was in itself a soul!"

BYRON.

"Time's wing but seemed, in stealing o'er,
To leave her lovelier than before."

MOORE.

“It is sure,
Stamped by the seal of nature, that the well
Of mind, where all its waters gather pure,
Shall, with unquestioned spell, all hearts allure.
Wisdom enshrined in Beauty—O how high
The order of that loveliness!”

PERCIVAL.

“Lady! when, with glad surprise,
I meet thy soft and shaded eyes,
Or, lost in dreams of love, behold
Thy waving locks of darkened gold,
Or press thy lip, whose dew discloses
Sweets that seem the breath of roses;
Lady! I sigh—and, with a tear,
Swear earth is heaven—if thou art near.

“But when the hour of transport o’er,
My soul’s delight is seen no more,
Rememb’ring all thy host of charms,
I tremble then with wild alarms,
And, taught by jealous doubt, discover
In every gazing youth a lover,
Confessing, with a silent tear,
That heaven and hell are wondrous near.”

LORD STRANGFORD.

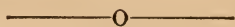
CARESS.

Caressing is any act of endearment by which the heart testifies its fondness for a beloved one, with or without the use of words. It may be called the silent language of the eyes and hands, telling what gentle fires are burning in the heart, and preaching to the affections and to the passions of the inspiring charms which arouse and enslave the senses. It is a dizzy and bewildering precipice, upon which innocence should be taught never to venture, until Hymen lights the way and lends the aid of his holy blessing.

Where pure love does not exist, caressing is an insult to the heart, a false light held out to lead youth and innocence to destruction.

More than five centuries before the Christian era the Greek poet Theognis sang the following excellent maxim on this delicate subject:

“Caress me not with love, while far away
Thy heart is absent, and thy feelings stray :
But, if thou love me with a faithful breast,
Be that pure love with acts sincere express.”



CHIDING.

The fondest hearts are sometimes aptest to chide each other for little omissions, or, may be, for commissions,

which are too trivial to attract the notice of any but those whose hearts are made a little too sensitive through much love. Chiding is something between caressing and scolding, with a strong leaning towards the latter; and it is so far from being an enemy to love, that not unfrequently it is a great sharpener of its appetite.

“Prithee forgive me,
 I did but chide in jest: the best loves use it
 Sometimes; it sets an edge upon affection.
 When we invite our best friends to a feast,
 'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before 'em;
 There's something sharp and salt, both to whet the appetite
 And make 'em taste their wine well; so, methinks,
 After a friendly, sharp, and savory chiding,
 A kiss tastes wonderous well, and full o' the grape.”

MIDDLETON, *Beware of Women*.



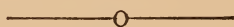
CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is to love what the sunlight is to the flowers. Ovid says that, “to be loved, you must always be cheerful;” and he might have added, that no person, however beautiful, can be loved long who is not habitually cheerful. A gloomy brow, and a sad and sullen heart, are places in which love seldom lights; and if it does light there, it soon flies again.

But it must not be inferred that an occasional cloud may not flit across the happy face. In the merriest hearts rain may sometimes fall, as well as in the sunniest skies.

“Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say ;
Oft a little morning rain
Foretells a pleasant day.
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all ;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
O why lament its fall ?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life’s sunny hours flit by,
Gracefully, cheerily ;
Enjoy them as they fly.”

CURRER BELL.



CONSTANCY.

There is scarcely a virtue in the whole code of love which is more admirable than constancy and conjugal devotion. Without this, all the other charms, even of female loveliness, seem worthless. Whatever beauty she may possess, even though she may have the tinge of Hebe on her cheeks, and the grace of an Ariel in her step, will go for naught, if she is destitute of this chief excellence of lovely woman.

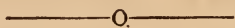
“’Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration ; nor your eye,
Though it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And smooth as Pelops’ shoulder ; not the smile
Lies watching in those dimples to beguile
The easy soul ; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamelled richly ; nor your tongue,
Though it spoke sweeter than Arion’s harp ;
Your hair, wove into many a curious warp,
Able in endless error to enfold
The wand’ring soul ; nor the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth show
In maiden whiteness as the Alpsian snow :
All these, were but your *constancy* away,
Would please me less than a black stormy day
The wretched seaman toiling through the deep.”

JOHN FLETCHER, *The Beautiful Shepherdess*.

Pliny relates a story of the conjugal devotion of Arria, the wife of Poetus, who was condemned to death for joining the conspiracy against the Emperor Claudius. When she perceived that it was on her account that her husband most dreaded death, she procured a dagger, and going into his presence she plunged it into her breast, and instantly drawing it out she presented it to him, saying, “My Poetus, it is not painful!” History has recorded many such instances of virtue and constancy, but they are not so worthy of admiration as the unrecorded millions of cases in every-day life, where perse-

cuted, suffering love clings to its object, in the midst of poverty, insult, and uncomplaining sorrow. Such devotion is beautifully described by Otway in his tragedy of *Venice Preserved*, where Belvidera says to Jaffier—

“O I will love thee, e’en in madness love thee,
 Tho’ my distracted senses should forsake me!
 Tho’ the bare earth be all our resting-place,
 Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
 I’ll make this arm a pillow for thy head,
 And as thou sighing ly’st, and swelled with sorrow,
 Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
 Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest.”



CONFESSION.

Come, confess that you love me, is a phrase used only by an awkward novice, or by one who already knows that he is not loved by the woman whom he persecutes for tokens of affection. Love that needs words to express itself, is like the bigot's religion, that plays around the head and comes not near the heart. In that beautiful, indescribable silence, which often fills a room where two real lovers are seated, there is a much louder expression of love than the most burning language can reveal.

“Say, what can eloquence avail,
 To grace the ardent lover's tale,

Since love, on his fond purpose bent,
 In silence is most eloquent!
 And when o'er some bright face he flings
 The shadow of his rosy wings,
 That sudden flush of soft expression,
 To lovers is their love's confession!

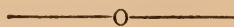
"What need of studied phrase to tell
 What mutual hearts can feel so well;
 Since on the sigh that wantons near,
 And only heard by love's quick ear,
 A thousand tender vows can wing,
 To lull the bosom's fluttering;
 Then is not that soft sigh, expression
 To lovers—of their love's confession!"

Loquacious love may generally be suspected of being both shallow and insincere. The deepest love is that which generally professes least. But when a heart, which has long been held silent by the natural timidity of love, at last finds an utterance, its professions are most ample, though its language will be characterized by modesty and diffidence.

Such is the nature of the following confession of Annabella to Giovanni in an old tragedy by John Ford:—

"Thou hast won
 The field, and never fought. What thou hast urged,
 My captive heart had long ago resolved.
 I blush to tell thee (but I tell thee now),

For every sigh that thou hast spent for me
I have sigh'd ten; for every tear shed twenty :
And not so much for that I lov'd, as that
I durst not say I lov'd, nor scarcely think it."



COQUETTE.

A coquette has been defined a woman who wants to engage the men without engaging herself. She is a composition of levity and vanity, whose chief aim is to be *thought* agreeable, handsome, and amiable, whether she really is so or not. A witty author compared such a woman to a fire-eater, who makes a show of handling, and even chewing live coals, without receiving any danger from the fire. She is always playing the part of love, without realizing its passion. Moore has given the following excellent description of the coquette:—

"Slow to be warm'd, and quick to rove,
From folly blind, from cunning loth;
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
Yet feigning all that's best in both."

There is a *veni-vidi-vici* spirit in this sort of woman, her whole object being to make a conquest. She much prefers a crowd of lovers, to the reality of love. Fresh triumphs form the salt of her existence, and a hecatomb

of suitors would not satisfy her. Her affections can never rest on one, her object being to enslave so many. She is like her looking-glass, which receives all images without retaining any.

“ One lover to another still succeeds,—
Another,—and another after that,—
And the last fool is welcome as the former ;
Till having loved his hour out, he gives place
And mingles with the herd that went before him.”

This woman is a “fisher of men,” who offers her baits so adroitly that the victim sees neither the hook nor line. With infinite skill she adjusts her curls, moistens her lips, languishes towards the fated object with her eyes, and throws her body into the most graceful attitude to catch a fool. Soon as the victim nibbles the bait is withdrawn ; and when the sly angler becomes sure of having hooked her fish, she begins to play him up and down the stream with as much delight as a hungry Englishman reels in a spotted trout of the brook.

Like Tasso's Armida she knows every art to allure passion.

“ Each varied art to win the soul she tries,
To this, to that, a different mien applies ;
Now scarcely dares her modest eyes advance,
And now she rules them with a wanton glance ;
She these repels, and those incites to love,

As various passions various bosoms move,
 While thus she gives alternate frosts and fires,
 And joy, and grief, and hope, and fear inspires,
 With cruel pleasure she their fate surveys,
 Exulting in those ills her power could raise.”*

Swift treated this ridiculous subject with an almost ridiculous solemnity, and gravely asserted that coquetry is among the chiefest sources of human misery, and he added, “The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets,—not in making cages.” Their skill is directed to the means of *catching*, rather than of *keeping* a husband.

But it is rarely the case that a coquette makes a real conquest. Her triumphs are as *sham* as her own love. Dr. Johnson (and Addison somewhere expresses himself in nearly the same words) defines coquetry, “an affecta-

* “Usa ogni arte la donna onde sia colto
 Nella sua rete alcun novello amante
 Ne con tutti, nè sempre un stesso volto
 Serba, ma cangia a tempo alto e sembante.
 Hortien pudica il guardo in se raccolto
 Hor lo rivolge cupido e vegante
 La sferz in guegli, il ferno adopra inquesti
 Come lor vede in amar lenti, ò presti.
 Fra si contrarie tempre in ghiaccio, e in foco
 In riso e in pianto, e fra pauna, e spene
 Inforso ogui suo stato, e di lor gioco
 L'ingannatrice donna à preder viene.”

tion of amorous advances." Such women, as a general thing, get nothing but an affectation of love in return. In both cases the passion is a base coin.

The woman who aims least at conquest, is often the one who does the most execution in the war of hearts.

"Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief, does it all!"

Burns calls coquetry, "a trap which the vanity of women sets for the men."

Varenne says, "it is a continued lie that renders honest women more detestable and more dangerous, than a courtesan who does not tell lies."

Old Scarron humorously defines coquettes "charlatans of love."

Rochpédre remarks that they "are sometimes the dupes of themselves—when they grant what their actions promise."

And Dupuy bitterly says that, "An old coquette has all the faults of a young one without having the pleasure."

But Horace gives the most frightful picture of an old coquette:

"Thou art old, and yet by awkward ways dost strive
The unwilling passion to revive;
Dost dance and drink, and thrum upon thy lyre,
And all to catch some silly country squire.—
In vain with wondrous art, and mighty care,
You strive your ruined beauty to repair.

No far-fetched silks one minute can restore
 What time has added to the endless score ;
 No precious stones though ne'er so bright
 They shine with their own native light,
 Will but disgrace thee now, and but enhance thy night.
 Ah, me ! where's now that mien ! that face !
 That shape ! that air ! that every grace !
 That color ! whose enchanting red
 Me to love's tents a captive led ?
 Strange turn of fate, that she
 Who from myself so oft has stolen me,
 Now, through the just revenge of time, stol'n from herself
 should be.
 Thou, like some old commander in disgrace,
 Surviving the past conquests of thy face,
 Now the great business of thy life is done,
 Review with grief the trophies thou hast won."

"Now, I pray thee do not call
 My cousin a coquette,
 When I tell you she had dangles
 By the dozen in her net :
 For she was very beautiful,
 Bewildering and bright."

Miss Osgood.

"Her brow is white as stainless snow,
 As ebon black her heart of sin ;
 Her cheek with morning's blush doth glow
 O'er midnight gloom within."

Miss Osgood.

'I know a maiden fair to see ;
 Take care !
She can both false and friendly be ;
 Beware ! beware !
Trust her not ; she's fooling thee !
She has two eyes, so soft and brown ;
 Take care !
She gives a side glance, and looks down ;
 Beware ! beware !
Trust her not ; she's fooling thee !

"She gives thee a garland woven fair ;
 Take care !
It is a fool's cap for thee to wear ;
 Beware ! beware !
Trust her not, she is fooling thee."

LONGFELLOW.



CAPRICE.

This word literally means a whim, humor, or freak, and is one of the most mischievous little words in the whole vocabulary of love. With a capricious person you have not a single moment's lease of happiness ; for there is no minute of enjoyment when some whim may not upset everything, and leave you to rebuild your fallen temple of connubial bliss as best you can. In the old

play of "The Point of Honor," there is the following truthful passage:—

"Avoid caprice: it is the rock on which our happiness is often wrecked; and in the married state, trifles light, and even imperceptible at first, contain the seed of dangerous discord."

KEMBLE, *Point of Honor*, Act i. 1.

Anacreon calls women "those unsettled things,"

"Seldom contented, often in the wrong;
Hard to be pleased at all, and never long."

Another ungallant poet sings the following ill-natured strain:—

"To give the sex their due,
They scarcely are to their own wishes true;
They love, they hate, and yet they know not why;
Constant in nothing but inconstancy."

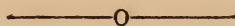
But if women were the commentators, they would probably make out as plain a case of caprice against the opposite gender, and so, between the two, human nature must lie under the charge of the general fault. At any rate, you can fix quicksilver, and make the eddying sea stand still, as easily as you can render stable the affections of a capricious man or woman. The love of such natures is won by an apple, and lost by its paring. Congreve humorously says that a fellow that lives in a windmill has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart that is lodged in a capricious person. There is no point of

the compass to which they may not suddenly turn. Motion, and not method, is the law of their being.

The only advice to give you on this subject is, to be sure that you do not marry such a capricious nature; but if you *are* caught, make up your mind that there is no ballast to your domestic ship, except what steadiness there may be in your own disposition.

Burns wrote the following epitaph on a lady famed for her caprice:

“Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life’s beam;
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.”



CONQUEST.

This is a pompous term to be employed in the service of love, but, nevertheless it is correct, for no hero of war could be vainer of the number of battles won, than the fair are of the number of their conquests. The arms they employ are beauty (natural or artificial), the artillery of the eyes, sweet looks, smiles, and all the powerful auxiliaries of ornaments and dress. A general is less embarrassed in marshalling an army of twenty thousand

men, than a lady often is in placing a patch, sticking a pin, or placing a ribbon or flower. The time spent by a belle at her toilette (the council-board of war) before she goes to an attack, is frequently greater than that which was consumed by Alexander in determining upon the war which extended his conquests as far as the Indian Ocean. Woe to the man who has to wait upon her motions until she is equipped, and ready to be taken to the scene of her triumphs.

But, it sometimes happens, that this fair heroine is conquered herself in the wars of love; for the other gender (the most worthless and idle portion of them, at least) are in the habit of taking lessons of Cupid in the arts of attack, and they often prove themselves to be great adepts on love's battle-field. Love-making is a science which they have studied until they know how to touch every chord in a woman's heart with as much skill as a great master strikes the strings of a violin. There is no trick to which these beaux will not resort to flatter, and wheedle, and captivate a woman's heart. Ovid is their great teacher, when they have sense enough to understand him, and that is not by any means a heavy draft upon the intellect:

“Still stoop to conquer: when she thwarts thee, yield;

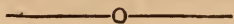
Do all her bidding, thou shalt win the field.

Thus, when she argues, argue on her side;

When she approves, approve; deny what she denied;

Say and unsay ; and, as her face appears,
Smile on her smiles, and weep upon her tears."

OVID'S *Art of Love*.



COURTSHIP.

This is a delightful word which has the honor to represent the most tremulously delightful season of the tender passion. In marriage, love gets sober, philosophical, meditative, and sets itself, with good intent, to the stern practical duties of life. But, in courtship, it is all romance, excitement, hope, desire, expectation, sweet dreams, and, if there be any other charming word, *that* comes in also, to swell the total of this fresh and beautiful sunrise of love.

In the rural districts of America there is but one day in the week to the rustic lass, and that is Sunday ; for that is the day when her lover comes to repeat, for the thousandth time, the charming story of his heart. When the still even-time has fallen, he timidly approaches her father's house, and is first announced by the barking of the old dog in the farm-yard, which tells the heart of the listening maiden that he has come at last. The old folks look knowing, and the youngsters slyly assail each other with mischievous pinches, while she meets at the door, with a blush on her cheek and a smile

in her eye, which say, a thousand times louder than words could tell it, that her virgin heart is already his, for weal or woe.

The good-mannered old people soon get out of the way, either to other apartments, or to bed, and the happy pair are left alone, with their sighs and tender glances, listening to the ticking of the old clock, or to the beating of their own hearts, until the moon gets up above the garden fence, and shines into the window, with a light that exposes a pair of eyes that are looking into each other as though their souls had dissolved into star-beams. Their hands had been telling love-tales for a whole hour; and now their lips are discoursing such sweet music as the heart hears only when drunk with the wine of nectar. Two hours before day the old watch-dog announces that somebody is already abroad; and the next morning everything is in its place, in the farmer's house; except that the cunning grandmother has noticed that there is one neat white collar which is a little wrinkled upon the right side, as though a fair young cheek, belonging to a sinless maiden, had fallen asleep upon its starch. Happy collar! happy maiden!

The following is a quaint and beautiful description of this charming business of courting:

‘And how often have I strayed
With the lads along the lea,

With many a pretty maid,
Yet, ah, none of them for me;
For if she whom I loved best,
In the groups could not be seen,
No contentment in my breast,
No delight upon the green;
But there was a garden nigh,
With its bower just in view,
And still sought my heart and eye,
That sweet lily there, my Sue.

'One serenest eventide,
When the toils of day were o'er,
She was sitting at the side
Of her little cottage door:
Then I pressed my suit again
Like a pilgrim at a shrine,
Oh, it was not all in vain.
She consented to be mine:
In a moment, with a whirl,
For the priest away I flew,
And that gentle, joyous girl
Was my sweet heart's-ease, my Sue."

Hoyt.

A distinguished English author gives the following humorous definition of courtship:

"Courtship is a fine bowling-green turf, all galloping round and sweet-hearting—a sunshine holiday in summer time; but when once through matrimony's turnpike, the weather becomes wintry,

and some husbands are seized with a cold aguish fit, to which the faculty give the name of indifference."

And Dean Swift, with his characteristic sneer, gives the following receipt for courtship:

"Two or three dears and two or three sweets,
Two or three balls or two or three treats,
Two or three serenades given as a lure,
Two or three oaths how much they endure,
Two or three messages sent in one day,
Two or three times led out from the play,
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love-letters writ all in rhymes;
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never fail making a couple of fools."

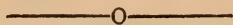
The following little poem is from the German of Voss:

"At Lucy's door was Colin seen;
He knock'd and ask'd, 'Is none within?
'Tis Colin calls; haste, gentle maid;---
She came, and 'No,' she said.

"He sigh'd and sued in piteous plight,
'No, no,' she cries, 'I die with fright;
'Tis late, 'tis dark, I'm all alone:
It must not be——begone!'

"O'erwhelmed with grief he moves away,
Now lists, now hears her turn the key,
And softly cry, 'a moment come;
One word, then speed thee home.'

“With prying wish the neighbors burn,
And watch and wait the youth’s return;
And true, he came—but not till day;
They laugh’d—he slunk away!”



CUPID.

The ancients represented Cupid as the most high and mighty of the gods, sometimes even above Jupiter himself. Plato calls him “a great demon,” and Euripides designates him “the god of gods, and governor of men, who conquers all, and rules all.” So perpetually was Jupiter exercised by this mischievous god that Juno, his wife, mockingly calls him “Cupid’s whirligig.” And that is precisely what the same meddling deity makes of thousands of men and women even unto the present day. He is now, as ever, a sly rogue, who delights in drawing the human heart into all manner of bye and forbidden ways, to the discomfort and ruin of many thousands. He touches the heart of many a young maiden, and ensnares it with her music teacher, her doctor, her minister, or, may be, with some handsome young actor, or circus-rider, or foreign adventurer, when her judgment may struggle in vain to put out the fire which this busy god, Cupid, has kindled in her bosom. Nor are the sober ways of old age safe from his intrusive shaft. Wherever

there is a heart left, there is a target for him. Lucian tells us that he even drew his own mother, Venus, away after Syrian youths, and though she threatened to whip him, to break his bow and arrow, and clip his wings, yet she could not resist him. So it ought not to surprise us, perhaps, that so many *mothers*, at the present day, are drawn away from their homes after all manner of moustached and goated dandies, and adventurers, who have no one thing to recommend them, to the eyes of a fair lady, except some imaginary charm with which they are invested by this vagabond, Cupid. The ancients painted this god as crowned with roses, to represent the beauty and sweetness of his smiles; while he had a bow and arrow in his hand, to signify his dangerous skill in wounding hearts. Sometimes he was painted as riding upon a leopard, which is the most sly and treacherous of animals.

Once, according to the Greek poet, Moschus, he ran away from his mother, and she advertised him, promising whoever should find him a *kiss*, and, in order that he might be recognised, she gave the following description of him:

“The boy has many marks: that thou may'st tell

His form from twenty others, heed them well:

Not white his skin, but of a fire-red hue:

His eyes like flame keen sparkling to the view:

A mischief-making mind; words prattling sweet;

His thoughts belie what soft his lips repeat:

His voice like honey : but should anger burn,
Of temper fierce, implacable, and stern :
Still uttering falsehoods, an imposter sly ;
A treacherous boy that sports with cruelty :
Fair curling ringlets cluster round his head ;
Tiny his hands ; but far his darts are sped :
E'en to the banks of Acheron they wing
Their feathered aim, and strike the infernal king.
Naked his body ; cloaked his secret mind :
Winged like a bird he hovers round mankind :
From these to those ; from men to women flies :
And perching in their vitals lurking lies.
Small is his bow, and small the fitted shaft ;
But far as heaven the winds its passage waft ;
Athwart his back a quiver hangs of gold ;
And gall-tipped arrows lurk within its hold :
Nay—oft their random wounds are tried on me :
All, all is cruel that in him you see :
And more than all, his tiny torch's glare
Burns up the sun : then seize him, but beware,
Lest with his tears he to thy bosom creep ;
Bring him fast-bound ; nor pity though he weep :
And though he laugh in sport, yet drag him stern ;
Or, would he kiss thee ! from his kisses turn :
There's poison on his lips : or should he say,
'Take here my weapons : ' touch them not : away !
His gifts are frauds ; evade his artful aim ;
All, all are tinctured with contagious flame."

Such is the portrait of Cupid, as drawn by his own

mother. Will it teach the young and old people, who are in the habit of keeping his company, to beware of his wiles? I fear not. But—beware!

“Have you seen a little child,
With a face bewitching mild?

Beware!

“With his little bow and string,
He’s a harmless-looking thing,

Beware!

“Poets tell you he is blind;
But ’tis false as you will find!

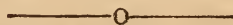
Beware!

“Once he kissed a pretty maid;
But she boxed his ears and said,

Beware!

“Then I kindly took his part;
When he shot me through the heart!

Beware!”



CURIOSITY.

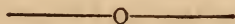
Madame de Puisieux says, “Curiosity has ruined more young girls than love;” and Rocheburne remarks, that “daughters who wish to know too much about love seldom lose time in wishing to practise it.”

Where novelty tempts, and curiosity pushes them on, women are apt to go far.

There is also a curiosity which leads lovers, and especially husbands and wives, to pry about to see if they cannot find some such little evidence as a letter, with which to bring each other in fault.

On this subject Rowe gives the following excellent advice:—

“Let not that devil, which undoes your sex,—
That cursed *curiosity*,—seduce you
To hunt for needless secrets; which neglected
Shall never hurt your quiet,—but *once* known
Shall *sit* upon your heart!”



COLD.

A cold lover is the most unpopular of lovers. *Warmth of heart* is a mighty watchword in love.

Coldness is, however, often only an assumed covering to a conscious weakness of nature. Thus Labouisse says, “The women that we believe the most cold are sometimes the most timid.”

“And underneath that face, like summer’s oceans,
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart’s emotions—
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear.”

HALLECK.

"Thy beauty, not a fault is there;
No queen of Grecian line
E'er braided more luxuriant hair
O'er forehead more divine;
The light of midnight's starry heaven
Is in those radiant eyes;
The rose's crimson life has given
That cheek its glowing dyes;
And yet I love thee not: thy brow
Is but the sculptor's mould:
It wants a shade; it wants a glow;
It is less fair than *cold*."

MISS LONDON.

"Long have I sigh'd for a calm: God grant I may find it at last!
It will never be broken by Maud, she has neither savor nor salt,
But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her carriage past,
Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her: where is the fault?
All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to be seen)
Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it had not been
For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the rose,
Or an under lip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full,
Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose,
From which I escaped heart-free, with the least little touch of
spleen."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

COUSINS.

This is often a word of convenience to get up a relationship, where none whatever exists, in order to save *scandal*, where a lady and gentleman are seen more in each other's company than the custom of society allows. Many a *lover* has been smuggled safely through under the pretence of being a *cousin*.

Alluding to this fact Ricard says, "There are few cousins who do not love their pretty cousins. In this inconsequential relationship there is almost always a serious danger. These cousinly meetings are rather too convenient."

In another place the same author adds, "Your wife, has she not a handsome cousin? sleep no more, sir—watch! watch! without ceasing; for that cousin is a lover given by nature."

At hotels, watering-places, and fashionable resorts, a great many ladies are under the protection of their *cousins*; and sometimes even the more sacred name of *brother* is made a cover for an affair of love.

The following verses express the anxiety and disbelief of a lover who hears that the lady of his heart has gone on a journey with a cousin, or brother:—

"O Jenny has gone with another,
O Jenny has gone!

They tell me he's only a brother,
And say, 'If you doubt, ask her mother,'—
But still with the doubt I shall smother,
O Jenny has gone!

"Last night of her charms I was dreaming,
O Jenny has gone!
The smile of her eye to my seeming,
In the face of another was beaming,
While tears in my own were fast streaming,
O Jenny has gone!

"Her hand on his arm lay so charming,
O Jenny has gone!
That hand anywhere is disarming,
But there, it was dreadful alarming,
The core of my heart it was harming,
O Jenny has gone!

"His eye on her beauty was dwelling,
O Jenny has gone!
My soul with the horror was swelling,
Her smile it so plainly was telling,
Consent from her bosom was welling,
O Jenny has gone!

"In dreams I was never believing,
O Jenny has gone!
But there's something so very deceiving,
In *cousins* and *brothers* relieving
The time of a trip for love's thieving,
O Jenny has gone!

DECLARATION.

What is called a *declaration of love* is nothing but a *form*, and a useless one at that; for nothing can be declared by *words* that has not already been said by the eyes and lips, in language entirely unmistakable to the heart. There is a *declaration* in a sigh; in that indefinable pressure which love teaches the hand how to make, and in a thousand indescribable signs, that no language can express, which are already understood by the one to whom they are addressed. These form a *declaration* which there is no counterfeiting; whereas, the declaration by word of mouth, or by letter, may be counterfeited by any deceiving villain who has a motive for doing it.

But, nevertheless, custom renders some form of verbal declaration necessary, where a man desires to be accepted as an acknowledged lover, or as a candidate for a lady's hand. This kind of declaration, fashion allows only to the gentleman; but still, no custom, or law, can rob a lady of her natural right to use the language of the affections in *declaring* her heart to a man whom she loves. Policy and prudence may strive to restrain her; but nature is older and stronger than policy, and in spite of her prudence, her heart will *declare* itself, if it is only by the very arts she employs to hide her love.

It sometimes happens that ladies who are not thoroughly versed in the language of love mistake for a

declaration what was only meant for a compliment. It is quite easy for an inexperienced woman to make this awkward mistake with a man whom she likes. Old maids, who have had few, if any offers, and who become, at last, like drowning people catching at straws, are very apt to be caught thus.

The following dramatic scene between Ricciardo and Catharine, from the pen of Barry Cornwall, is an excellent example of a real declaration.

"CATHARINE. Why do you follow me?

RICCIARDO. 'Twill ease my heart.

CATH. Your heart!

RIC. To look on you. Fair Catharine!—nay,
Draw not your hand aside. By heaven your eye
Is brighter than a star. I almost wish
Your voice less sweet; and yet not so, for can
So sweet a voice be cruel?

CATH. You are strange

RIC. That should not be, for—(yet 'tis strange to me)
My feeling is as common as the light.
Interpret for me, Catharine. I wish—
I wish—O! answer me before I speak;
Or, let me see your eyes, and I will read.
You turn them from me. Ha! there's color on
Your cheek; I'll kiss it off.

CATH. Be distant, Sir.

Well, well,—not distant, then; yet can I speak
And know not? I—I understand not.

Ric. Oh!

Shame on your deep dyed beauty, then!

CATH. Away!

Ric. It is—now listen. Nay, but you must look,
And steadfast, while you listen: tremble not.
I have—long—oh; my own sweet Catharine,
I love you—languish for you: Oh! so long
Have I both loved and languished, that I dread
Lest my true love, shaping itself like folly,
May sink me in your sweet esteem.
Look on me,
My dear, dear Catharine! See, I kneel to you.
Will you not bid me rise?

CATH. My dear Ricciardo!

Ric. I did not hear. Again, say that again.

CATH. I will not.

Ric. Are you gay? Oh! then I'll pluck
The words away that now lie laughing there,
On your red lip.—How soft and sweet it is!—
Once more. You will not? Then I'll be content.
And now that you are mine—

CATH. I said not that.

Ric. I read it plainly. How! will you deny
That your bright eyes can speak—and is our seal
So soon forgotten?—you are mine?

CATH. For ever."

DEATH.

Madame De Stael says, "We realize death for the first time when it falls on one that we love."

When death takes from us those that we really love, it is not after all so much *they* who are taken away, as it is our own hearts, which for a time forsake us to dwell with our dear ones in the tomb.

Abn Saher, an Arab poet, has given an extravagant description of his excess of sorrow at the death of his mistress in the following lines :

"If in death I can descry
Where my Leila's relics lie,
Saher's soul will flit away,
There to join his Leila's clay."

These lines of Petrarch on the death of Laura, are as touching a tribute as love ever paid to its departed idol.

"Ah, death! thy hand has cropped the fairest flower,
That shed its smiling rays in beauty's bower;
Thy dart has laid on yonder sable bier
All my soul loved, and all the world held dear
Celestial sweetness, love-inspiring youth,
Soft-eyed benevolence, and white-robed truth."

"Farewell! there's but one pang in death,
One only—leaving thee!"

MRS. HEMANS.

"O that t'were possible
After long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love
Round me once again!

"When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
By the home that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces,
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than anything on earth.

"A shadow flits before me,
Not thou, but like to thee;
Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be."

ALFRED TENNYSON.



DECEIVE.

This is one of the most terrible words in the vocabulary of love. It hangs up in the imagination of a lover, like a funeral bell, which may, at any moment, tell the departure of his hopes. The heart that truly loves dreads death, less than deception.

The first step a man takes in the course of wooing a maiden is to promise that he will never deceive her; but,

alas for human nature ! it is, too often, the last pledge he leaves unbroken. It is a promise which is worth nothing on the lips of a man whose senses are inflamed by a woman's beauty. A promise to cut off his own head and give it to her in a charger, or to tear out his heart and broil it upon a griddle, may be just as safely relied upon, as a pledge not to deceive, made at such a time.

Byron says :

“For man to man so oft unjust,
Is always so to woman ; one sole bond
Awaits them, treachery is all their trust ;
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, 'till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage.”

Though such is not always the case, yet, unhappily, it is too often true.

Moore puts the following language into the mouth of a deceived maiden :

“When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lips such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change—yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go ! deceiver, go !
The heart whose hopes could make it

Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it."

"Ah! that deceit should steal such shapes,
And with a virtuous vision hide deep vice!"

RICH. III., Act ii. 2.

"Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild!"

BURNS, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*.



DEVICE.

A *device* is any scheme, great or small, whereby lovers seek to overcome impediments thrown in their way by their too-watchful parents or guardians.

The old Greek poet, Mœus, in his story of Hero and Leander, sings—

"Love, fruitful in device, is ever found
To pierce the lover, but to heal the wound."

But I believe that its *devices* have more generally been directed to cheating parents, and securing stolen interviews with its object.

In Burns's exquisite song of "O whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad," the lass instructs her lover how to conduct himself, so that their love shall escape the notice of the old folks; and among other very useful hints she gives the following:

"At kirk, or at market, whene'er you meet me,
Gang by me as though that you cared not a flee;
But steal me a blink o' your bonny black e'e,
Yet look as ye werena lookin' at me."

History has shown that women are far more ingenious than the men at inventing devices to conceal or protect their loves; and therefore the men will do wisely to leave this department of love entirely in their hands. But the women will be wiser yet, if they never allow any affair in love, which requires concealment from the reasonable vigilance of any one. With very young and timid girls some little *devices* in love are by no means an evidence of wrong intention, but with women of experience they are tolerably sure signs of conscious guilt. When a married lady, especially, resorts to any *devices*, her husband need ask for no further proof that her heart is wandering.

DIVIDED.

The affections of a lady or gentleman are sometimes said to be divided between two objects, and are, consequently, embarrassed in knowing which to choose. Where this is the case, however, the candidates may be sure that neither of them is really loved. The heart is never in such doubt. Prudence may cause the judgment to hesitate, avarice or ambition may debate which to take, but the *heart* itself is never in doubt between two objects. These outside sentinels may cause it to choose against itself, but can never divide its love.

The poets have always treated this idea of divided love in a comic way. The following old epigram, from the Greek, is an example:—

“ Within my heart two rival flames prevail,
And double tempests on my bosom hail.
This side to fair Chryseis I incline;
On that Melania’s sparkling eyes catch mine.
Take me, ye charmers, in just balance shar’d;
Take each your side—I’m for my lot prepar’d.”

This classic epigram has been reduced to two lines by Gay in his Beggars’ Opera—

“ How happy could I be with either,
Were t’other dear charmer away.”

DOUBT.

The Duke de la Rochefoucault says, "In love, we often doubt what we most believe;" and, in this sense, doubt is so far from being an enemy to love, that it is a great sharpener and intensifier of the tender passion. It makes the heart tender and watchful, lest it, somehow, lose the dear object of its affections through its own folly, or by the superior attractions of another.

" The wound of peace is surity,
Surity secure: but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise."

SHAKSPEARE.

Doubt is also a mighty spur to the vigilance and perseverance of the lover in his course of wooing. When the battle is won, and he is conscious of occupying the ground without a rival, he is too apt to allow the rust of indifference to gather upon the bright armor with which he won the field. There is an infallible instinct in woman's heart, which teaches her to arrest this growing indifference of a lover, by throwing the shadow of a doubt over his mind as to his security in her affections. An imaginary rival is just as good as a real one to bring back the attentions of an indifferent lover.

" Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,

Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no :
So, thrice, fair lady ! stand I, even so ;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act iii. 2.

But, however pardonable, or politic, the trick of creating this doubt in the mind of a lover, no woman of prudence will ever, for a single moment, place a husband in such a position. When once a husband doubts his wife, farewell for ever to the sweet peace of home ! There may be, afterwards, moments of endearment and happiness, but the fiend is still there, and never more will the angel of confidence return.

A wife who shows a disposition to go to balls and parties without her husband, or to frequent theatres and such places of amusement with other gentlemen, may thank the stupidity of her husband if she does not fill his breast with doubts which will disturb his peace of mind for ever, if they do not, happily for him, entirely destroy his love for her.

Julius Cæsar divorced his wife, Pompeia, for no other cause than mere suspicion of her infidelity with Publius Clodius. He admitted to the Roman Senate that he could discover no proof of her guilt, and when the judges asked him why he put her away when there was

no proof against her, he replied:—"I think those who belong to me ought to be clear of suspicion, as well as guilt."

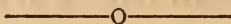
So, too, thought Othello:

"Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is—at once to be resolved."

OTHELLO, Act iii. 3.

And nothing is more ungrateful to true love than to be doubted:

"Doubt that the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love."



DREAMS.

It is an old trick of beaux and male flirts to tell ladies that they dreamed about them all night; which is, too often, a successful bait to catch a woman's confidence, and to inspire her with the intoxicating delusion that she is loved.

But, with innocent and inexperienced lovers, dreams may sometimes no doubt be considered as delightful

proofs that the heart is occupied with the image of the one dreamed about. If a young girl dreams that some young man brought her a bouquet of sweet flowers, and said many charming things to her besides, it may be a sign that her waking hours are more occupied with him than she would be willing to confess to her mamma, or, perhaps, than she was even conscious of herself. This is the spring of love's year, when roses and violets fill the garden of the heart, before the summer and autumn bring its ripe and substantial fruit.

Moore gives the following exquisite picture of "Love's Young Dream :"

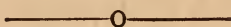
"O the days are gone when beauty bright,
My heart's chain wove,
When my dream of life from morn till night,
Was love, still love.

New hopes may bloom, and days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream.

"O that fairy form is ne'er forgot,
Which first love traced ;
Still it, lingering, haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste :
'Twas odor fled as soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged dream,
O 'twas light that ne'er can shine again,
On life's dull stream."

Our American song writer, Morris, closes a charming song on the dream of love with the following lines:

"The wealth of worlds, if it were mine,
 With all that follows in its train;
 I would with gratitude resign,
 To dream that dream of love again."



EMBRACE.

Embracing is vulgarly called hugging or squeezing, and is an operation of endearment that lovers are very apt to fall into when sitting alone by the side of each other. A seat under a tree, that grows on the banks of a limpid stream, where true lovers sit listening to the murmuring of the waters, and looking at their own forms gracefully mirrored beneath them, is a situation in which the arms unconsciously draw the yielding bodies into closer proximity than is absolutely necessary for the ordinary purposes of conversation.

Burns, in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," pronounces the following eulogy on this exquisite business:—

"Oh, happy love! where love like this is found!

Oh, heart-felt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!

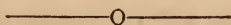
I've paced much this weary mortal round,

And sage experience bids me this declare—

If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
 In other's arm breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Lord Byron, in language less holy, but quite as natural, draws the following picture of an embrace:—

"And Julia sat with Juan, half embraced,
 And half retiring from the glowing arm,
 Which trembled, like the bosom where 'twas placed.
 Yet still she must have thought there was no harm—
 Or else 'twere easy to withdraw her waist—
 But then the situation had its charm."



ENTREATY.

Entreaty in love is a strong pleading of the heart for the love which is denied it.

"Did you not tell me once
 I should not love alone, I should not lose
 Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
 I've sent to Heaven? did you not give your hand,
 Even that fair hand in hostage? Do not then
 Give back those sweets to other men,
 You yourself vowed were mine."

FLETCHER, *Faithful Shepherdess*.

Such entreaty, however, is vain where the heart inclines in an opposite direction; and the best advice to be given in such cases is to follow the example of Sheridan, who comfortably sings—

“Never will I with useless pain,
Pray to a heaven I cannot gain.”



EYES.

The eyes play a mighty part in the drama of love, and may be considered as possessing a power of fascinating beyond any other charm. It is into the eye that the novice, as well as the adept, looks for the true language of the heart. This is the tell-tale that reveals to the libertine, as well as to the honest lover, the precise degree of sentiment or passion which rises in a maiden's breast; and so naturally does she know this fact that she diligently seeks to hide her eyes the moment she becomes conscious of feelings she ought not to harbor.

Beaumont draws a graphic picture of the dangerous power that resides in beautiful eyes—

“The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness;
Defend me, honest thoughts, I shall go wild else.
What eyes are these! rather what little Heavens!
To stir men's contemplations! What a Paradise

Runs through each part she has ! Good blood be temperate !
I must look off : too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it."

And, again—

"Who knows how eloquent these eyes may prove,
Begging in floods of tears, and flames of love."

Lord Byron's Donna Julia is described as having eyes
of inspiring loveliness—

"Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes),
Was large and dark, suppressing half its fire
Until she spoke, and then through soft disguise
Flash'd an expression more of pride than ire,
And love than either ; and there would arise
A something in them which was not desire,
But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul,
Which struggl'd through, and chasten'd down the whole."

"The light that beams from woman's eye,
And sparkles through her tear,
Responds to that impassion'd sigh
Which love delights to hear.
'Tis the sweet language of the soul,
On which a voice is hung,
More eloquent than ever stole
From saint's or poet's tongue."

FAMILIARITY.

The old maxim that "familiarity breeds contempt" is nowhere so true as in love. On this subject Addison has this melancholy remark: "Sexual love is a short-lived passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising up to its view."

A story is told of a monk who became so desperately in love with his neighbor's daughter, that his abbot determined to effect his cure, which was done by shutting up the two lovers in a close apartment, where their provisions were put in at a small wicket every day, and no one was suffered to go near them. I need not say that the monk was cured.

Shakspeare says:—

"There lies within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it."

You who would keep the tender passion always alive and fresh for one beloved object, should not forget that the richest and sweetest flower will not bear to be held continually too near the sense.

"A maid oft seen,—a gown oft worn,
Are disesteem'd, and held in scorn."

FALLEN.

The Duke de la Rochefoucault says that, "to love is the least error in a woman who has abandoned herself to love;" and Cicero made a similar remark in the following language: "Single vices make men commit single crimes; but one vice makes woman guilty of all." The reason for this is, that a single slip is the irrecoverable destruction of a woman's character, and nothing lies beyond that but perpetual shame. The custom of society does not allow hope to a woman who has once fallen. After-repentance, however sincere, comes too late for all except the mercy of Heaven.

Burns, in his "Address to the Unco Guid," gives the following quaint and just hit at this inexorable law of society :

"Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

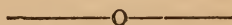
"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human:

One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving why they do it;
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far perhaps they rue it.

“Who made the heart, ’tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias:
 Then at the balance let’s be mute,
 We never can adjust it;
 What’s done we partly may compute,
 But know not what’s resisted.”

Miss Osgood wrote some lines on the death of a fallen one’s child, which show a frame of mind that is almost as beautiful as virtue itself:—

“The sinner placed a verdant spray
 Within her dead child’s hand,
 And turned in wordless grief away—
 A lost one—barred and banned!
 In that fond act were prayer and vow—
 O be her guilt forgiven!
 Her dovelet bears an olive bough,
 To make her peace with heaven.”



FAREWELL.

This is a magical word, bearing at once the dearest and the most melancholy signification. It lingers on

the past with a thousand memories, at the same moment that it looks into the future with the misgiving of doubt, if not of despair. It is the word that lovers use when they feel that they are parting for ever.

“Farewell for ever more;
If you should hear that sorrow struck me dead,
And after find me loyal, let there be
A tear shed from you in my memory,
And I shall rest at peace.”

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Philasteo*.

“Farewell, dear one, farewell for ever,—
The tears of anguish well may start,—
The years we’ve lived and loved together
Are ended now—and we must part,
Farewell for ever!

“’Tis hard such faithful hearts to sever,
To speak the cruel last adieu,—
Oh, I shall see thy likeness never,
Nor love again, as I have you,—
Oh, never! never.”

C. C. BURR.

We have the following exquisite song on this subject from George P. Morris :

“Fare thee well, love!—We must sever!
Not for years, love; but for ever!
We must meet no more—or only
Meet as strangers—sad and lonely.
Fare thee well!

"Fare thee well, love!—How I languish
For the cause of all my anguish!
None have ever met and parted
So forlorn and broken-hearted.

Fare thee well!

"Fare thee well, love!—Till I perish
All my truth for thee I'll cherish;
And, when thou my requiem hearest,
Know till death I loved thee, dearest.

Fare thee well!"

"And now farewell, farewell! I dare not lengthen
Those sweet, sad moments out: to gaze on thee
Is bliss indeed; yet it but serves to strengthen
The love that now amounts to agony;
This is our last farewell."

MISS WELBY

"Farewell for ever! still farewell!
But oh! receive the mourner's token,
In after days 'twill sadly tell
Of withered hopes, and vows all broken.

"No more his faltering accents fell,
For as he gave the mournful token,
The faithful heart, the meteor spell,
Of love and life, at once were broken."

FIRST-LOVE.

Of all fresh and beautiful things this side of heaven, *first-love* is among the freshest and most beautiful. C. C. Burr, in one of his poems, calls this dawn of passion,

“The first warm sunshine quivering through
The heart’s fresh flowers and morning dew.”

It is the beginning of a new world, into which the blushing novice enters with timid delight, to look upon interminable gardens of sweet flowers and delicious fruits, which the imagination could never dream of before. The heart is taken by such surprise that it is almost lost in delirium and wonder.

Sappho happily describes this charming embarrassment of maiden-love—

“Mother! sweet mother! ’tis in vain;
I cannot now the shuttle throw:
That youth is in my heart and brain;
And Venus’ lingering fires within me glow.”

Apollonius Rhodius draws a glowing picture of first-love in the conference between Medea and Jason in the Temple of Hecate:

“Then red the blush
Burned on her cheek; while in her soul the thought
No other man existed like him:

His voice was murmuring in her ears, and
 All the charming words he uttered. * * * * *

But she, her eyes cast down,
 Smiled with enchanting sweetness; all her soul
 Melted within her, of his words of praise
 Enamored. Then she fixed full opposite
 Her eyes upon him, at a loss what word
 She first should speak, yet wishing in a breath
 To utter all her fond impetuous thoughts,
 And, with spontaneous act, she took the drug
 From forth her fragrant girdle's folds, and he
 Received it at her hands, elate with joy:
 And she had drawn the spirit from her breast,
 Had he but asked it; sighing out her soul
 Into his bosom. So from Jason's head,
 Waving with yellow locks, Love lightened forth
 A lambent flame, and snatched the darted rays
 That trembled from his eyes. Her inmost soul
 Floating in bliss, she all dissolved away;
 As dew on roses in the morning's beams
 Evaporating melts. So stood they both;
 And bent, in bashfulness, their eyes on earth,
 Then glanced them on each other; while their brows
 Smiled joyous in serenity of love."

But in opposition to the praise of first-love, John Webster, in a comedy published in 1623, has the following in praise of *last-love*:

"As we love our youngest children best,
 So the last fruit of our affection,

Wherever we bestow it, is most strong,
Most violent, most irresistible ;
Since 'tis indeed our latest harvest home,
Last merriment 'fore winter ; and we Widows,
As men report of our best picture-makers,
We love the piece we are in hand with better,
Than all the excellent work we have done before."



FORGET.

Almost the first oath a lover takes is to swear that he will *never forget*, and as *to be forgotten* is the most dire calamity that can befall a loving heart, this too often thoughtless promise is the dearest solace of a confiding breast.

"I 'forget thee!' say not so!
When the stars forget the night,
And the darkness here below,
Falls for ever on the sight—
Not then will I forget thee.

"As the stars unto the night,
Is thy spirit unto me;
Clouds may darken in their flight,
But the heart I've given thee,
Never—never can forget."

C. C. BURR.

FLIRTATION.

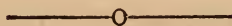
A flirtation is a drama of love with the reality of love cut out. Where a man and woman mutually consent to play the fool with each other, by pretending to a passion which is not felt, for mere pastime, or for the amusement of others, little harm may be done; for the heart rarely becomes really interested in such flirtations. But there are professional flirts, whose ambition is to be perpetually awaking a sentiment in the breasts of others to which they are all the time strangers themselves. Tasso gives this truthful picture of such a flirt:

“ Oft when some lover trembling woos the fair
She seems to lend an inexperience’d ear;
Or while a crimson blush her visage dyes,
With coyness feign’d, she downward bends her eyes:
But when she sees a youth prepared to tell
The secret thoughts that in his bosom dwell;
Now sudden from his sight the damsel flies,
Now gives an audience to his plaints and sighs:—
Thus holds from morn till eve his heart in play,
Then slips delusive from his hopes away!”

“ She delights to be weaving her snare,
And to feast on the breath of despair,
Who disputes it will rue it!
Let her flirt till as old as her aunt,
And then wish to wed—when she *can’t*,

'Tis so pleasant to do it—
Ha! ha! 'tis so pleasant to do it!"

H. RICE.



FLATTERY.

Sterne, in his "Sentimental Journey," writes of flattery—"delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weakness on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages of the heart!"

In the conference between Valentine and Proteus in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Valentine exclaims—

"O flatter me; for love delights in praises."

This flattery is the one mighty weapon with which libertines, and professional love-makers, assail the hearts of women. Often, men who have no accomplishment whatever to recommend them to the favorable notice of the ladies, are the most dangerous deluders of women, by the sole power of their flattering tongues.

Fletcher, in his tragedy of the "Bloody Brother," has worked this idea up with exquisite effect in the interview between Edith and Rollo. Rollo, Duke of Normandy,

a bloody tyrant, puts to death his tutor, the Baldwin, for too freely reproving him of his crimes; but afterwards falls in love with Edith, the daughter of the man he has slain. She feigns to return his love, and invites him to a banquet, for the purpose of bringing a train to kill him; but she is overcome and won by his flatteries.

“ROLLO. What bright star, taking beauty's form upon her,
In all the happy lustre of heaven's glory,
Has dropt down from the sky to comfort me?
Wonder of Nature, let it not profane thee
My rude hand touch thy beauty, nor this kiss,
The gentle sacrifice of love and service,
Be offer'd to the honor of thy sweetness.

EDITH. My gracious lord, no deity dwells here,
Nor nothing of that virtue but obedience.
The servant to your will affects no flattery.

ROLLO. Can it be flattery to swear those eyes
Are love's eternal lamps he fires all hearts with:
That tongue the smart string to his bow? those sighs
The deadly shafts he sends into our souls?
Oh, look upon me with thy spring of beauty.

EDITH. Your grace is full of game.

ROLLO. By heaven, my Edith,
Thy mother fed on roses when she bred thee.
The sweetness of the Arabian wind still blowing
Upon the treasures of perfumes and spices,
In all their pride and pleasures, call thee mistress.

EDITH. Wil't please you sit, Sir?

ROLLO. So you please sit by me.

Fair gentle maid, there is no speaking to thee,
The excellency that appears upon thee
Ties up my tongue: pray speak to me.

EDITH. Of what, Sir?

ROLLO. Of anything, anything is excellent.

Will you take my directions? speak of love, then;
Speak of thy fair self, Edith: and while thou speak'st,
Let me thus languishing give up myself.

EDITH. H'as a strange cunning tongue. Why do you sigh, Sir?
How masterly he turns himself to catch me!"

But, though he has murdered her father, and though she suspects that all his fine words are only meant to "*catch*" her, still she *is* caught by them, and finally yields, exclaiming—

"Now, heaven, thy help, or I am gone for ever!
His tongue has turned me into melting pity."

This power of flattery is recognised by Shakspeare in the first act and second scene of *Richard III.*, where the bloody Gloucester wins the heart of Queen Anne, whose husband he has murdered, even over the bier on which her dead husband lies. Though she begins by calling him a "devil," a "minister of hell," a "lump of foul deformity," a "hedge-hog," and declares that he is "unfit for any place but hell;" and when he says, in reply to all the terrible imprecations she heaps upon him—

“Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world.”

She still replies—

“If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.”

But the poison of flattery was already working in her blood, and though she grasps the offered sword to kill him, yet that word—

“But ’twas thy heavenly face that set me on,”

turned aside its point, and she lets it fall, exclaiming—
“I would I knew thy heart!” This was enough. The field was won. And the bloody monster, amazed at the ease with which it was won, exclaims—

“Was ever woman in this humor woo’d ?
Was ever woman in this humor won ?
I’ll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What ! I, that killed her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart’s extremest hate ;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me.
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks.”

Such is the fatal fascination of flattery ! Woman is

always guarding herself against it, always suspicious that the pleasant things said to her are nothing but flattery, and yet it is the snare into which she is most liable to fall. One of the most adroit pieces of flattery on record is that addressed to Annabella by Giovanni in an old tragedy by Ford—

“If you would see a beauty more exact
Than art can counterfeit, or nature frame,
Look in your glass, and there behold your own.”



GALLANTRY.

Gallantry, in its least obnoxious sense, is a careful attention to all the wants of woman, and a willingness and pleasure in serving her every wish. A gallant man does everything, or says everything which he believes will be pleasing to a lady. There is no end to the attentions he will bestow upon her; and all the words in the dictionary will sooner be exhausted, than his tongue will weary in saying sweet things to her. Shakspeare calls this kind of gallantry—

“Forward, not permanent—sweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,—
No more!”

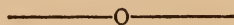
Burke defines poetry to be, “the art of substantiating

shadows, and of lending existence to nothing ;” and that is just about what gallantry does in the region of the affections. It is the *varnish* and not the *substance* of love. It is a false light, which draws many a fair young vessel upon rocks and quicksands, where they are wrecked for ever.

Shakspeare, in “*Midsummer Night’s Dream*,” gives the following description of the arts and villanies of gallantry :

“Thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child :
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice verses of feigning love ;
And stol’n th’ impression of her phantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats ; messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.”

Act i. 1.



GAY DECEIVER.

A gay deceiver is one who deceives nobody—a fellow who devotes his life to all the arts of love-making, and is so entirely well known that nobody is harmed by him, because nobody trusts him. He is a merry, trifling, good-natured, good-for-nothing, lying, love-making ras

cal, who hunts about after pretty girls as carelessly as a butterfly roams through the summer air, and is as harmless as a butterfly, from the natural shallowness and weakness of his character.

More than a hundred years ago Shenstone drew the following portrait of this gay deceiver :

“ In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is be-studded around ;
And his pipe—oh, may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.
'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold ?
How the nightingales labor the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs and die.”



GENERAL-LOVER.

There is a class of beaux, who, without being absolutely vicious, are the admirers of the sex generally, without ever so far fixing their passions as to settle them on any one object. This general lover is not so much of a fool and knave as the gay deceiver, though he is a member of

the same family. He is, often, a man of real sentiment and of genuine impulses, who has become broken to pieces and scattered about, and whose heart lies as loosely and as lightly among women as thistle-blossoms do upon the bosom of the air.

This character is happily described by an old Arabian poet, Abon Aby, in the following verses:

“I never knew a sprightly fair
That was not dear to me,
And freely I my heart could share,
With every one I see.

“It is not *this* or *that* alone
On whom my choice would fall,
I do not more incline to one
Than I incline to all.

“The circle’s bounding line are they,
Its centre is my heart,
My ready love the equal ray
That flows to every part.”



GIFTS.

Gifts are sometimes among the first signs a lover ventures to show of his tender regard for the idol of his heart. At first, perhaps, he gives a single flower, and, as

he gets bolder a whole bouquet of flowers, and then, in due time, rings, bracelets, and all kinds of precious things follow, until at last he ventures the most precious gift of all—a kiss.

Now he is fairly launched on the tide of love-making, and as he rows along, the love-presents are increased according to his means and liberality.

The gift of a simple flower, where it is the expression of fresh and truthful love, is a beautiful act; and richer and more formal gifts may be properly bestowed upon one to whom one is engaged to be married; but every lady should understand that where this is not the case, the reception of rich gifts from the hands of a man brings also the suspicion and scorn of the world along with them. This fact is beautifully set forth by Robert Nicoll in the following lines addressed to a poor but beautiful young girl, who suddenly appeared richly dressed:

“What! is it you, Lizette?

You a rich robe can wear?

You mounting an aigrette:

You deck'd with jewels rare?

Oh! no, no, no, no, no!

You are Lizette no more!

Oh! no, no, no, no, no!

Bear not the name you bore.”

GIRLS.

Girl is a word which is generally applied to woman at that tender age which precedes the maturity and experience of womanhood—it is the age of spring, of buds and tender leaves, before the full foliage and flowers of summer have put forth.

A girl is a miniature woman. “A little boy,” says Alphonse Karr, “is different from a man; but a little girl is a smaller woman.”

The beauty of young girls ought to speak to the imagination, and not to the senses; but old roués almost invariably seek for them, as old hawks do for the tenderest doves.

Fontenelle says, “The modesty of a young girl ought to be so great as to be ignorant of all that regards love.”

Miss Welby has drawn the portrait of such charming innocence in the following lines :

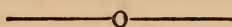
“Her bosom was a soft retreat
For love, and love alone,
And yet her heart had never beat
To love’s delicious tone;
It dwelt within its circle free
From tender thoughts like these,
Waiting the little deity,
As the blossoms wait the breeze,
Before it throws its leaves apart,
And trembles like a love-touched heart.”

"Soft as the memory of buried love,
Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above,
Was she—the daughter of that rude old chief."

BYRON.

"I wish the bud would never blow !
'Tis prettier and purer so :
It blushes through its bower of green,
And peeps above the mossy screen,
So timidly I cannot bear
To have it open to the air."

MISS OSGOOD.



GLANCES.

Glances are the tender looks which lovers exchange when there is no opportunity for more palpable demonstration. They are the arrows of Cupid shot from the eyes, which sometimes do more fatal execution than all the burning language of the lips.

"For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter,
Which flies on wings of light-heeled Mercuries,
Who do such things because they know no better."

BYRON, *Beppo*, xvi.

GRACE.

Grace is the external soul of beauty. It does not wear out like beauty; for it has a life of its own, and renews itself continually. After a lapse of thirty years, a virtuous and graceful woman pleases her husband like the first day.

Commerson humorously says, "Grace is to beauty what the line is to the fisherman—without the one no fish, without the other no conquests."

A woman who may not be called critically beautiful, may still, by the charm of grace alone, inspire more love than the most faultless features can do, where there is not this sweet handmaid of beauty.

"With what a gait she moves! such was not Hebe,
Or Jupiter had sooner lost his heaven,
Than changed his cup-bearer—a step like that
The rapture-glowing clouds might well bear up,
And never take for human."

KNOWLES' *Virginus*, Act ii. 4.

"Accomplishments were native to her mind,
Like precious pearls within a clasping shell,
And winning grace her every act refined,
Like sunshine shedding beauty where it fell."

MRS. HALE.

"She clasps no golden zone of pride
Her fair and simple robe around ;

By flowing ribbon, lightly tied,
Its graceful folds are bound.

“And thus attired, a sportive thing,
Pure, loving, guiltless, bright, and wild,
Proud fashion! match me in your ring,
New England’s mountain child.”

MISS OSGOOD.

“Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute and harp.”

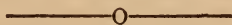
MILMAN.

“Observe with care, politeness, that must teach
The modish forms of gesture and of speech;
She moves with easy though with measured pace,
And shows no part of study but the grace.”

STILLINGFLEET.

“Such harmony in motion, speech, and air,
That, without fairness, she was more than fair.”

CRABBE.



GRASS-WIDOW.

This word was originally confined to those women who are separated, but not divorced from their husbands; but it is now applied to all women whose hus-

bands are for a length of time absent. This unfortunate class of women are the special admiration of clerks, young lawyers, and young men generally, who are inclined to seek opportunities for love-adventures.

Almost every boarding-house has at least one grass widow in it, who is apt to be the terror of all the wives, and the enemy of all the young girls in the house. Having the watchful protection of neither a husband nor a father, she is free to go to theatres, balls, rides, promenades, or wherever she pleases, and is therefore a natural mark for the attack of gay benedicts and bachelors generally.

And, on her own part, the grass-widow is not always entirely free from blame. To make amends for the loneliness of her life she is too apt to invite the approaches of the more sympathetic and romantic of the opposite gender, who, with more charity than prudence, bestow upon her an amount of attention that is quite incompatible with the happiness of their own wives or sweethearts.

This charming but dangerous appendage of boarding-houses may also be found in all other places. In the smallest inland village there must always be a grass-widow, to keep in active operation the moral noses, who have a natural talent for smelling out scandal. Unhappy grass-widow! Unhappy man, who gets caught in that cunning net-work, the charms of a grass-widow!

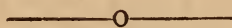
HANDS.

The hands are the tongues of timid lovers. Many a bashful swain, who could never find courage to open his mouth, has, by a gentle pressure of the hand, betrayed the secrets of his heart to the beloved object. When the hands of two such lovers are locked together, their hearts start into their fingers' ends, and every finger is transformed into a tongue which discourses most eloquently of the bliss which is burning within.

Byron has a characteristic verse on this subject :

“Yet Julia’s very coldness still was kind,
And tremulously gentle her small hand
Withdrew itself from his, but left behind
A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland
And slight, so very slight, that to the mind
’Twas but a doubt ; but ne’er magician’s wand
Wrought change with all Armida’s fiery art
Like what this light touch left on Juan’s heart.”

Stendhal says that, “The highest happiness love can give, is the first pressing of the hand of the woman we love.”



HEART.

Every lover has implicit confidence in his heart, what

ever his distrust may be of his head. And yet there is nothing less within his power than his heart. To control it he is obliged to obey it; and it will make him do a hundred things which he never intended when he first gave it the reins, and which he does not even know that he is doing, while he *is* doing it. In vain will the judgment demand a *reason* for the *caprices* of the heart. It loves, or it hates without reason, if not against the strongest arguments and constant appeals of reason.

Hence it is generally useless for parents or guardians to resort to *reason* to cure an unwise or an improper attachment in the breasts of their children. The effect of opposition is, generally, to add obstinacy to a foolish passion. The one laboring under the delirium of love must be treated similarly to an insane person, whose whims have seemingly to be humored rather than opposed.

Sophe Arnould wittily remarks that, "The heart of a gallant woman is like a rose, from which every lover takes away a leaf, until nothing is left to the husband but the stem."

So well do men of sense and experience understand this fact, that we rarely ever find them uniting their fortunes in marriage with a lady of this description. They rather seek for an inexperienced country girl whose heart is yet untaught in the ways of the world, than for the brilliant city belle who has been through with the ordinary flirtations of fashionable life, and whose heart is

generally old in experience before she has reached twenty years.

On earth there is not to be found a more beautiful thing than the heart of a pure and confiding woman—it is something that partakes of the purity and the eternity of heaven. The following passage from “The Wife,” by Knowles, is an excellent illustration of the love of such a heart:

“FERRADO. Lives he of whom you speak in Mantua?

MARIANA. In Mantua, he told me he did live.

FER. What! Know you not the place of his sojourn?

MAR. Yes! where he still sojourns, where'er he is!

FER. What place is that?

MAR. My heart! Though travels he

By land or sea—though I'm in Mantua,

And he as distant as the pole away—

I look but into that and there he is,

Its king enthron'd, with every thought, wish, will,

In waiting at his feet!”

Act ii. 1.



HEARTLESS.

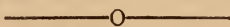
To talk of a *heartless lover* is like speaking of *cold sunshine* or *warm snow*—there can be no such thing.

But still, thousands who pretend to be lovers are destitute of that fine *warmth* which the genuine passion inspires, and are correctly enough denominated *heartless*.

The crab-tree, with its gay foliage, has a sour fruit; and there is a flower, "moly," which has the fairest of all blossoms, but a root as black as ink. So there are many women who wear the manners of the greatest amiability and warmth of heart, who are naturally destitute of real good-nature and affection. Such was the character of Pope's "Chloe," the original of which is supposed to be Lady Suffolk, the mistress of George the Second, who offended Pope by refusing to perform some promises which she made to Dean Swift.

"Yet Chloe, sure, was form'd without a spot.
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor—
Content to dwell in decencies for ever;
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it heaven, a favor or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slandered one,

But cares not if a thousand are undone,
 Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead ?
 She bids her footman put it in her head.
 Chloe is prudent—(would you be too wise ?)
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies."



HOW MUCH ?

How much do you love me? is a question which is always in the mouth of silly lovers, who lose faith in their sweethearts the instant they cease to talk of the strength and extravagant amount of their love. Notwithstanding they are all familiar with the maxim that "hot love is soon cold," yet they can content themselves with no degree short of boiling heat.

To such loves there is a wholesome lesson in an anonymous ballad, entitled "Love me Little, Love me Long," which was published in black-letter in 1569.

"Love me little, love me long;
 Is the burden of my song:
 Love that is too hot and strong
 Burneth soon to waste.
 Still I would not have thee cold,
 Not too backward or too bold;
 Love that lasteth till 'tis old
 Fadeth not in haste.
 Love me little, love me long,
 Is the burden of my song.

"Constant love is moderate ever,
And it will through life persever;
Give me that, with true endeavor

I will it restore.

A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers; that for me,
For the land, or for the sea,

Lasting evermore.

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song.

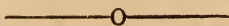
"Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on it beat,
It can never know defeat,

Never can rebel.

Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or woo in vain;

So to thee farewell.

Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song."



HOPE.

Hope teaches the heart to believe everything that pleases it, however chimerical, and is therefore a great sweetener of love. Without hope, love runs straight into despair.

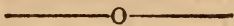
“Hope is a lover’s staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.”

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA, Act iii. 1.

In Sappho’s “Ode to Venus” there is a charming verse expressive of the hope which love inspires, even when its offers are refused:

“The fugitive shall turn pursuer;
The vainly wooed shall prove the woer:
The cold shall kneel to his undoer,
Though she disdain his vow.”

Much of the beauty of the above verse is lost in attempting to give it a poetical dress in English. A literal translation of the Greek text is as follows:—“For if he flies, soon he shall pursue; though he refuses thy gifts, yet shall he give; if he loves not, soon he shall love, and do whatever thou art willing.”*



HATE.

A woman’s hate is as vehement and as unsparing as her love is warm and ardent.

* Και γὰρ αἱ φεύγει, ταχέως διώξει·
Αἱ δὲ δῶρα μὴ δεχέτ’, ἀλλὰ δώσει·
Αἱ δὲ μὴ φιλεῖ, ταχέως φιλήσει,
Κ’ ὅτι ἐδέλλοις.

Byron says, "it is like the tiger's rage, deadly, quick, and crushing."

Mademoiselle de Scudéri says that "where great hatred succeeds to great love, it shows that there is yet hidden love in the breast."

And Ricard remarks that, "To revenge yourself on a guilty mistress, is to show that you love her yet."

There is a poem by Charles Mackay entitled "Love in Hate," which is constructed upon the same idea as is advanced by the above mentioned French and Italian authors.

"Once I thought I could adore him,
Rich or poor, beloved the same;
Now I hate him and abhor him,
Now I loathe his very name;
Spurn'd at, when I sued for pity—
Robb'd of peace and virgin fame.

"If my hatred could consume him,
Soul and body, heart and brain;
If my will had power to drown him
To eternity of pain;
I would strike—and die, confessing
That I had not lived in vain.

'Oh, if, in my bosom lying,
I could work him deadly scaith!
Oh, if I could clasp him dying,
And receive his parting breath:

In one burst of burning passion

I would kiss him into death!

“I would cover with embraces

Lips that once his love confess'd,

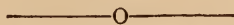
And that falsest of false faces,

Mad, enraptured, unrepress'd;—

Then in agony of pity,

I would die upon his breast.”

This word, *hate*, is sometimes used by flirts as a term of endearment. They will archly say to a gentleman, “*I hate you*,” which means, “*I will not say that I love you, but you know that I do.*” Whether a man knows it or not, or whether he believes it or not, he will be quite sure to interpret this form of expression in a way which is little complimentary to the lady.



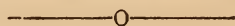
HUSBAND.

This good old Saxon word, *husband*, still lingers in the rustic vocabulary of the inland districts of America, but it has nearly disappeared from the circles of fashionable metropolitan life. That sterling old-fashioned phrase, “*my husband*,” has given place to the short and sharp abbreviation of “*Mr.*”— which, alas! is about all that is left of this once mighty monarch of the family circle.

And this "*Mr.*," this abbreviation of a husband, is now little more than a respected boarder in polite society, if indeed he has the good-fortune not to be regarded as an impediment in the way of the freedom and happiness of the wife and oldest daughter.

The following is a lady's definition of a husband, who seems to have composed a vocabulary to express her experience in the matrimonial experiment—

"He is a snarling, crusty, sullen, testy, forward, cross, gruff, moody, crabbed, snappish, tart, splenetic, surly, brutish, fierce, dry, morose, waspish, currish, boorish, fretful, peevish, huffish, sulky, touchy, fractious, blustering, captious, ill-natured, rusty, churlish, growling, uppish, stern, envious dog-in-a-manger, who neither eats himself, nor lets others eat."



IMMODESTY.

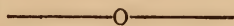
Immodesty is chiefly applied to women who have put off the most charming garment that lovely woman can wear—the manners and habits of innocence and truth. Madame de Graffigny says, "The woman who exchanges her modesty for assurance, loses at least half of her charms." And Fontenelle remarks that, "Modesty is of the greatest advantage to woman—it augments her beauty, and helps to hide her ugliness."

When the *Propætidæ*, who were women, denied Venus to be a goddess, she punished them by making them so impudent that they became prostitutes, so utterly deserting womanly modesty that their very shape and countenance were hardened into flints.

This classic fable contains a great lesson to woman, who, when she loses her modesty, suffers the destruction of every other charm. The softest light of beauty fades out of her eyes, the sweetest expression from her cheeks, the charm of virtue from her manners, and her whole *personnel* gradually hardens into the flinty look of the abandoned *Propætidæ*. That is the terrible but inevitable punishment of immodesty.

The gradual decline of a woman's manners to the gulf of immodesty is thus described by Spenser :

“ Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less you see her may ;
Lo ! see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;
Lo ! see soon after how she fades and falls away.”



INCONSTANCY.

A French author, Louis Desnoyers, remarks that, “ We blame the inconstancy of woman only when we are the

victim, but we find her charming when we are the object." We fear there is too much truth in this, although it must be spoken to the shame of man.

Shakspeare affirms that man is more given to inconstancy than woman :

"For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and infirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are."

TWELFTH NIGHT, Act ii. 4.

In an old tragedy, by Marston, entitled "The Insatiate Countess," there is the following passage on the inconstancy of woman :

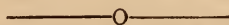
"Who would have thought it? She that could no more
Forsake my company, than can the day
Forsake the glorious presence of the sun,
When I was absent, then her galled eyes
Would have shed spirit showers, and outwept
The clouds in that same o'er-passionate mood
When they drown'd all the world : yet now forsakes me.
Now shines your brightness, now your light is done.
On the sweetest flowers you shine, 'tis but by chance,
And on the basest weed you'll waste a glance."

INFIDELITY.

Madame de Lafayette says, "We forgive infidelities, but we do not forget them." But this is what the men cannot say, for they will neither forgive nor forget infidelity in a woman they love. That is held to be the one crime in love for which there is no remedy, and should be no forgiveness.

"Another daughter dries a father's tears,
Another sister claims a brother's love;
An injured husband hath no other wife
Save her who wrought him shame."

MATURIN, *Bertram*, Act iv. 2.



INNOCENCE.

Innocence in a woman is a charm beyond beauty, for it is sure to win respect and admiration where beauty often fails.

"I have marked
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth."

MUCH ADO, Act iv. 1.

JOKING.

Fontenelle says: "The conduct of a lover ought to be serious and steady, but his conversation better sometimes be merry. He persuades by one, and pleases by the other; and it is often better to please than to persuade — agreeableness has made more conquests than truth."

"Love," says Ninon de L'Enclos, "is a subject which it is not well to joke upon;" which may be a useful hint to those volatile young lovers who are in the habit of playing tricks upon each other, or joking one another, upon all occasions. This kind of joking is quite sure to result in a species of familiarity, which, if it does not breed contempt, will end at last in satiety and indifference.

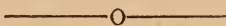
Joking is also sometimes a sign of undue familiarity between those who have no right to be sweethearts and lovers. Such, little imagine that they are betraying themselves by their harmless little jokes.

There is a French epigram which says—

"Toujours votre femme badine
Avec notre mari Lucas,
Me dit l'autre jour ma voisine. . . .
Je les surpris hier, ils ne badinaient pas."

The literal meaning of which is as follows:—

“ Always your wife jokes
With our husband, Lucas ;
My neighbor told me the other day—
I surprised them yesterday—they were not joking !”



JEALOUSY.

This is the most terrible and stormy passion that can
rankle in the human heart. Young says :

“ It is the hydra of calamities,
The seven-fold death ; the jealous are the damn’d.”

In another place the same author exclaims !—

“ O jealousy ! each other passion’s calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul !
Thou king of torments ! thou grand counterpoise
For all the transports beauty can inspire.”

REVENGE, Act ii.

Of this destructive passion Eurydice says :

“ O jealousy ; thou merciless destroyer,
More cruel than the grave ! what ravages
Does thy wild roar make in noblest bosoms !”

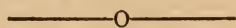
The Duke de la Rochefoucault says that in this passion “ there is less of love than of self-love,” and he instances the case of Rhadamistus, who threw his beloved

wife into a river, that she might not fall into the hands of another.

Etymologists trace this word, jealousy, back to a Greek word which signifies *fever*, and so it is a raging fever of the heart. Sheridan says: "Jealousy would be likely to be well expressed by one who had often seen the prisoners tortured in the dungeons of the Inquisition, or who had seen what the dungeons of the Inquisition are the best earthly emblem of, I mean hell. For next to being in the Pope's, or in Satan's prison, is the torture of him who is possessed with the spirit of jealousy."

The picture of Prometheus with the vulture tearing his liver gives a good idea of jealousy. It is a ferment of love, hatred, hope, fear, shame, anxiety, suspicion, envy, pride, rage, vengeance, revenge, and if there be any other tormenting passion, *that* comes in also to swell the general tumult that rages in the heart that is a prey to jealousy.

Rochpédre says, with some justice: "The jealous have a right to be indulged, as they suffer more than they make others suffer."



KISS.

A Greek author proposed to dip his pen in honey, rose-buds, violets, and all vernal blooms, to write on the

subject of kissing. Another, a poet of course, declared that no pen could do justice to this delightful business which had not been dipt in a kiss itself. But would it not be a more sensible thing to dip the poet's *lips* in a kiss rather than his *pen*, before setting him to the task of defining a kiss?

This charming ceremony has the honor to be of a most ancient date, and to have extended its reign equally over all nations of the earth. We are able to trace it historically back as far as the termination of the siege of Troy, for we read, "Upon the return of the Grecian warriors, their wives met them, and joined their lips together with joy."

But kissing was first employed in the heathen worship as a religious rite. Cicero mentions a statue of Hercules, the chin and lips of which were considerably worn by the repeated kissing of the worshippers. Traces of this ancient custom remain in our courts of justice to the present day in kissing the Testament in taking an oath before God.

In the Book of Genesis we read that "Jacob kissed Rachel," which is, I believe, the earliest record which we have of the *love-kiss*, although it is to be hoped that the world was not without this delicious luxury from the creation down to that period.

Long ago our old mother, England, was celebrated for its kisses. Polydore Virgil dwells with rapture on the

English kissing in his day. He says "The women of England not only salute their relations with a kiss, but all persons promiscuously; and this ceremony they repeat, gently touching them with their lips, not only with grace, but without the least immodesty."

But we have higher authority than even Polydore Virgil for this fact, for the great Erasmus,—the reverend, grave, and phlegmatic Erasmus—melts into love and playful thoughts, when he thinks of the kisses of Old England. "Did you know, my Faustus," he writes to one of his friends, "the pleasures which England affords, you would fly here on winged feet, and if your gout would not allow you, you would wish yourself a Dædalus. To mention to you one among many things, here are nymphs of the loveliest looks, good-humored, and whom you would prefer even to your favorite Muses. Here also prevails a custom never enough to be commended, that wherever you come, every one receives you with a kiss, and when you take your leave, every one gives you a kiss; when you return, kisses again meet you. If any one leaves you, they give you a kiss, if you meet any one, the first salutation is a kiss; in short, wherever you go, kisses everywhere abound; which, my Faustus, did you once taste how very sweet and how very fragrant they are, you would not, like Solon, wish for ten years' exile in England, but would desire to spend there the whole of your life."

What a mighty thing is a kiss when it has power to inspire with such enthusiasm the cold and philosophical heart of an Erasmus! And we know that Vortigern resigned his kingdom and Mark Antony the world, for a kiss.

The following quaint description of a kiss, by Sir Philip Sidney, shows that his greatness was not beyond the subduing power of a kiss.

“Best charge and bravest retreat in Cupid’s fight,
A double key which opens to the heart,
Most rich when most his riches it impart,
Nest of young joys, schoolmaster of delight,
Teaching the mean at once to take and give
The friendly stay, where blows both wound and heal,
The petty death where each in other live,
Poor hope’s first wealth, hostage of promise weak,
Breakfast of love.”

Plato addressed a beautiful epigram to his mistress on the subject of her kiss, a literal translation of which is the following: “When Agathis by a burning kiss consented to repay my passion, I felt my soul coming to my lips as though it wanted to get upon those of Agathis.”

This beautiful idea of the souls of lovers passing from lip to lip through a kiss was a great favorite with the Greek poets. Bion has used it with charming effect in his matchless epitaph on Adonis, where he alludes to the happy superstition that the soul of the dying may

pass into the heart of the living lover, through kiss:

“Stay, poor Adonis!—lift thy languid head,
 Ah! let me find thy last expiring breath,
 Mix lips with lips, and draw thy soul in death.
 Wake but a little, for a last, last kiss:
 Be it the last, but warm with life, as this.
 That through my lips I may thy spirit drain,
 Suck thy sweet breath, drink love through every vein:
 This kiss shall serve me ever in thy stead;
 Since thou thyself, unhappy one, art fled!”

Favorinus says of kissing, “What else do they do who join their lips together, but mingle souls?” And so Aristænetus calls a kiss, “The sweet mixture of souls.”* The following is a literal translation of a Greek epigram: “A certain maiden kissed me one evening with moist lips: the kiss was nectar, for her mouth emitted the odor of nectar. Now I am drunk with a kiss, having imbibed much love.”†

Anacreon has a fine verse on this subject, in which he describes himself as having dreamed that he was pursuing a beautiful damsel for a kiss, and unhappily waked a moment too soon:

“When, as I sought to snatch a kiss,
 The vision fled—the sleep of bliss:

* ἡ μῆξις αὐτῇ γλυκεῖα γίνεται τῶν ἰσχυῶν. † Anthology, Book 7.

And left alone, I felt in vain
The torturing wish to sleep again."

Martial, the Latin epigramist, seems to have had very extensive ideas of what constituted the proper number of kisses which a lover may give or receive:

"Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure girl never gave;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?
I'm not to be stinted in pleasure,
Then prithee, my charmer, be kind:
For whilst I love you above measure,
To numbers I'll ne'er be confined."

The author of the following appears to have devoted some time to the origin and probable duration of kissing:

"When we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore
Not a pleasure in nature is wanting:
May his soul be in heaven, he deserved it, I'm sure,
Who was first the inventor of kissing.

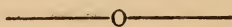
"Master Adam, I verily think, was the man,
Whose discovery will ne'er be surpass'd.
Well, since the sweet game with creation began,
To the end of the world may it last."

"Rare Ben Jonson" must have been a very delicate practitioner in the sweet art of kissing:

“For love’s sake kiss me once again,
I long and should not beg in vain—
Here’s none to spy or see;
Why do you doubt or stay?
I’ll taste as lightly as the bee
That doth but touch his flow’r, and flies away.”

These exquisite lines are translated from the Greek:

“He who thy lovely face beholds,
Where beauty every charm unfolds,
Is surely blest;—but more so he,
Who hears thy voice of harmony!
But more than mortal is the bliss
Of him who ravishes a kiss,
In playful dalliance, from those lips,
Where glowing love his empire keeps;
But quite a god is, sure, the swain,
Who feels thee blushing, kiss again;
And from that mouth the gift receives,
Which all his soul of sense bereaves!”



LOVE.

The word love, in its Saxon original—*luper*—means a *passion of the soul*. In attempting to explain this passion Shelley gives up in despair, and exclaims “What is love? Ask him who lives what is life? ask him who adores what is God?” But the poet ventures further and says, “It is

the discovery of our soul's antitype; the meeting with a frame, whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own. This is the invisible and unattainable point to which love tends."

Every author, or every lover, gives a definition of this indefinable passion which corresponds with his own experience, or with the state of feeling within himself at the time.

Victor Hugo, while experiencing the bliss of a perfectly happy union, says: "To love is to be two, and be but one—the man and woman are but one: it is heaven."

And so Arsene Houssaye, in the ecstasy of a perfectly happy love, says: "It is the dew that descends from heaven into our hearts."

Ninon de l'Enclos, looking at love from the depths of dissipation and satiety, says: "Love is like an appetite easily satisfied, which we have for one dish over another, without being able to give a reason for our preference."

Stendhal says, "Love is as exclusive as despots—it will be all or nothing."

Saint Prosper, while haunted perpetually by the image of a fair sorceress, says: "The image of the one we love is like a shadow which follows us everywhere."

Charles Pongers, when experiencing the happiness of loving, declared that: "To be loved is a human happiness, but the charm of loving is the bliss of angels."

Alfred de Musset, after a somewhat intemperate course of love, is able to give this good advice: "Take love as a sober man takes wine—but do not become a drunkard."

August Guyard, after a similar experience, says, "An old love may be rekindled—worn-out love never."

The Duke de la Rochefoucauld has a similar remark: "Those whom we have once ceased to love, can never be the objects of our love a second time."

Alphonse Karr, who seemed to be incapable of the tender passion himself, though he delighted to excite it in another, says: "Love is all in the one that a man loves—his love is nothing but a pretext."

George Sand, while banished from all the world except from the circle of the man she loved, Jules Sando, says: "Love is the only good thing in life."

Champfort, who was continually failing in the promises he made to the women he induced to love him, says: "Love is a stormy commerce which always winds up by a failure—but it is the person to whom we make the failure, that is dishonored."

Wieland, who was ever falling in love, says: "Love introduces itself into the heart more easily than wind into an open house." This same fickle Wieland says in another place: "The metaphysical effects of love begin with the first sigh, and end with the first kiss."

Adam Smith, who was of too cold a nature to feel

the tender flame, says: "Love is nothing more than an illusion."

So every man erects for himself his own temple of love, and places in it some idol, fashioned out of his own fancy; he measures the passion in his own breast, and imagines *that* to be love's universal standard.

But the poets have been the most fruitful and the best lexicographers of the tender passion. In them we find not only all the varieties, but also all the effects of love, set forth in language more simple than even the philosophy of prose allows. .

Sometimes this passion makes those who are beggars in worldly goods, feel richer than Cræsus.

"Let the fools,
 Who follow fortune, live upon her smiles.
 All our prosperity is placed in love—
 We have enough of that to make us happy.
 This little spot of earth, you stand upon,
 Is more to me than the extended plains
 Of my great father's kingdom. Here I reign
 In full delights, in joys to power unknown;
 Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.

SOUTHERNE'S *Oroonoko*, Act ii. 1.

"If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;
 Oh! lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
 Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
 May have its vent, where I may tell aloud

To the high heavens, and every listening planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom 's fraught."

OTWAY'S *Venice Preserved*, Act i. 1.

Then again, it makes them delirious, as though they
were drunk with delicious wine :

" Love like wine gives a tumultuous bliss,
Heightened indeed beyond all mortal pleasures;
But mingles pangs and madness in the bowl."

YOUNG, *Revenge*, Act i. 1.

And the same passion, which at one time causes such
delight, at another is the source of untold sorrow :

" Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even
He who made earth in love, had soon to grieve,
Above its first and best inhabitants."

BYRON'S *Heaven and Earth*, Part i. 2.

" Why dost thou wander by this mournful light,
Feeding sick fancy with the thought that poisons."

MATURIN'S *Bertram*, Act ii. 3.

At other times this passion triumphs over wisdom and
reason :

" Love, that disturbs
The schemes of wisdom still; that, wing'd with passion,
Blind and impetuous in its fond pursuits,
Leaves the grey-headed reason far behind."

THOMSON, *Tancred and Sigismunda*, Act ii. 1.

Then it diffuses itself through every channel of a man's hopes and schemes, as light pervades the whole atmosphere :

“ I had so fixed my heart upon her,
That wheresoc'er I framed a scheme of life
For time to come, she was my only joy,
With which I used to sweeten future cares ;
I fancy'd pleasures, none but one who loves
And doats as I did can imagine like them.”

OTWAY'S *Venice Preserved*.

And sometimes it proves a cruel tyrant to the breast that harbors it :

“ Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guard
Of furious wishes, fears, and cruel suspicions.”

OTWAY, *The Orphan*.

And again it will people solitudes with the company of angels, filling all space full of a presence of content and happiness :

“ Let love prevail,
And guide our steps to unfrequented scenes
Of rural Freedom, Innocence, and Ease :
Your passions, hushed on Adelvian's bosom,
Ambition, Hate, Revenge, shall die away !
And these fond folding arms bound all your wishes :

In peace we'll pass the day, in love the night,
Safe from the storms that rack the world around us:
And dwelling with the villager, content,
Laugh at the gilded thorns that plant a crown."

EDWIN.

" Yes, my Giana,
Where'er we are in God's great universe
A sun will rise—a sun will set—thy smile
Can make a desert bloom. Though we may not
Kneel down to heaven in consecrated domes,
Night shall spread round her arched shadows, and
Build us a solemn temple more sublime
Than e'er the feeble hand of man could frame!
The moon shall be our living lamp: we'll join
The glorious congregation of the stars
In their eternal hymns. Oh, I shall find
Solitude peopled in Giana's smiles,
And hold the world well lost, that leaves thee mine."

RAVENNA, Act ii. 2.

With woman, love sometimes ripens into an enthusiasm that is almost an inspired happiness. It fills the universe of her imagination full of smiles and tears of inexpressible delight:

" Not the spring's month, nor breath of jessamine,
Nor violets' infant sweets, nor opening buds,
Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath!
From every pore of him a perfume falls;
He kisses softer than a southern wind,

Curls like a vine, and touches like a god !
 Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk !
 Ev'n when the joy he sigh'd for is possess'd,
 Ev'n when he speaks such words, and looks such things,
 Vows with such passion, swears with so much grace,
 That it is a kind of heaven to be deluded by him!
 If I but mention him, the tears will fall:
 Sure there is not a letter in his name,
 But is a charm to melt a woman's eyes."

LEE'S *Alexander the Great.*

Love fills the breast with innumerable little passions
 and affections to which it bears the tender relation of a
 nurse and mother:

"It is to be all made of fantasy,
 All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
 All adoration, duty, and observance;
 All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
 All purity, all trial, all observance."

SHAKSPEARE, *As You Like It*, Act v. 2.

It is a headstrong passion that delights in impediments,
 and is never at its flood of bliss until it has triumphed
 over some obstacle.

JAGHELL. With what impediments is love environ'd!

MICHAEL. Why, that's love's gain; it would not else be love.

Love's the impediment that lovers meet;

Or wherefore sing it, as your poets do,

A thing that lives in plots and stratagems?
They know not love who need but woo to wed,
But they who fain would wed, but dare not woo;
That's to be sound in love—to feel it from
The heart's deep centre to the fingers' ends.
As sweetest fruit is that which is forbid,
So fairest maid is she that is withheld."

KNOWLES' *William Tell*, Act i. 1.

In an old madrigal by Thomas Lodge, there is a charming description of the delightful mischief which plays with a susceptible heart :

" Love in my bosom like a bee
Doth suck his sweete;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feete.

" Within my eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amid my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feaste,
And yet he robs me of my rest.

" Strike I my lute—he tunes the string,
He music plays, if I do sing;
He lends me every living thing,
Yet cruel, he my heart doth sting.

" What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod,
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.

“ Then sit thou safely on my knee
 And let thy bowre my bosom be;
 O, Cupid, so thou pity me,
 I will not wish to part from thee.”

But this toying, sportive passion is a fearful revenger
 if its tenderness be turned to ire :

“ BIANCA. Take heed; we are passionate; our milk of love
 Doth turn to wormwood, and that's bitter drinking.
 The fondest are most phrenetic: when the fire
 Burneth intensest, there the inmate pale
 Doth dread the broad and beaconing conflagration.
 If that ye cast us to the winds, the winds
 Will give us their unruly restless nature;
 We whirl, and whirl; and when we settle, Fazio,
 But He that ruleth the mad winds can know.”

MILMAN'S *Fazio*, Act ii. 3.

Congreve has an exquisite passage descriptive of the
 devotion with which true love clings to its object in life
 or death.

“ O Alphonso, Alphonso!
 Devouring seas have wash'd thee from my sight;
 No time shall raze thee from my memory;
 The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb;
 But in my heart thou art interr'd there; there
 Thy dear resemblance is for ever fix'd;
 My love, my lord, my husband still, tho' lost.”

MOURNING BRIDE, Act i. 1.

And here is a passage on the same subject, still more beautiful, from Knowles :

“What would you weigh 'gainst love
That's true? Tell me with what you'd turn the scale?
Yea, make the index waver? Wealth? A feather.
Rank? Tinsel against bullion in the balance!
The love of kindred? That to set 'gainst love!
Friendship comes near'st to it: but put it in,
Friendship will kick the beam! Weigh nothing 'gainst it.
Weigh love against the world!
Yet are they happy that have nought to say to it.”

THE HUNCHBACK, Act iii. 2.

The tyrannous dominion of the tender passion in the breast of an old man is thus happily painted by Rowe:

“And yet this tough impracticable heart,
Is govern'd by a dainty finger'd girl;
Such flaws are found in the most worthy natures;
A laughing, toying, wheedling, whimpering she,
Shall make him amble on a gossip's message,
And take the distaff with a hand as patient
As e'er did Hercules.”

JANE SHORE, Act i. 1.

Suckling has a quaint and beautiful song descriptive of the waywardness and wilfulness of love.

“Why so pale and wan, fond Lover?
Prithee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner ?
 Prithee why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :
 The Devil take her."

The Earl of Rochester, writing probably from his own culpable experience in affairs of love, has a passage which portrays the fickleness and treachery of the tender passion.

"Tell me, then, the reason why
 Love from hearts in love does fly ?
 Why the bird will build a nest
 Where he ne'er intends to rest ?
 Love, like other little boys,
 Cries for hearts as they for toys ;
 Which, when gain'd in childish play,
 Wantonly are thrown away.
 Still on wing or on his knees,
 Love does nothing by degrees :
 Basely flying when most priz'd ;
 Meanly fawning when despis'd ;
 Flatt'ring or insulting ever,
 Generous and grateful never :
 All his joys are fleeting dreams,
 All his woes severe extremes."

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

All the poets who have written on love have admitted a fact, which is apt to be disputed by prosaic natures,—I mean the possibility of instantly falling in love at the first sight of a charming woman. If the poets are good authority, a man may fall in love as suddenly as he may lose his balance and fall from a precipice, or from the steeple of a meeting-house.

Cowley has a remarkable passage on this subject, in which he likens love to an instantaneous poison :

“I came, I saw, and was undone !
 Lightning did thro’ my Bones and Marrow run ;
 A pointed Pain pierc’d deep my Heart ;
 A swift cold Trembling seiz’d on every Part ;
 My head turn’d round, nor could it bear
 The poison that was enter’d there.”

Hudibras has a witty passage on the same subject :

“He’ad got a hurt
 On th’ inside, of a deadly sort,
 By Cupid made, who took his stand
 Upon a widow’s jointure-land ;
 Drew home his bow, and, aiming right,
 Let fly an arrow at the knight :
 The shaft against a rib did glance,
 And gaul’d him in the purtenance.”

There are many remarkable instances on record in

which this love at first sight has resulted in happy marriage. Such a case occurred at the English opera-house in London in 1824. A gentleman fell suddenly in love with a young lady, who sat with her mother and sister a few seats from him. Tearing a blank leaf out of his pocket-book, he wrote with a pencil, "May I enquire if your affections are engaged?" and handed it to her, which she showed to her mother. Shortly afterwards she wrote underneath his question, "I believe I may venture to say *they are not*, but why do you ask?" and returned him the paper. The gentleman then wrote on another leaf—

“ I love you dearly,

I am single,

I have £1000 a year,

I am not in debt,

I have a good house, and

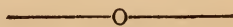
I only want a good wife to make me completely
happy—

Will you be mine? if you will, I promise (and with every intention of keeping my word) to be an affectionate, indulgent, and faithful husband to you, and what more can I say?"

This little piece of love-history winds up by declaring that they were married in four months by the consent and approval of the parents, all round, and disappeared from the eye of curiosity in the unfathomable sea of matrimony.

The following poem, which we take from an anonymous French author, contains a just warning of the danger of trusting to love at first sight:

“The fair that’s fir’d by every dart,
Shot by young Cupid at the heart,
In love with caution should engage,
Love at first sight is never sage;
It catches at a match like tinder,
And nothing can its blazing hinder,
But soon it dies without a name,
Unless we constant fan the flame.
All ye who wish in love to pair,
And would be happy as you’re fair,
Before the final knot is tied
See you’re in hand and heart allied.
Be sure you burn with equal flame,
And that your passions are the same,
Love shakes his wings, and slighted flies,
Or unreturn’d is born and dies.”



LOVE-LETTERS.

Love-letters, *billets-doux*, are among the sweetest things which the whole career of love allows. By letters a lover can say a thousand extravagant things which he would blush to utter in the presence of his fair charmer. He heaps up mountains of epithets and hyperboles,

expressing the inexpressible heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of his affections. Here he may at his pleasure revel and rave in eloquent nonsense about minutes lengthening into hours, hours into days, days into weeks, weeks into months, months into years, years into interminable ages! He inflates his heart into a balloon, which goes up and down through creation, with motions as light and easy as a thistle-blow drifts through the undulations of the atmosphere. He dissolves into sighs, and spreads himself out, on a sheet of gilt-edged note paper, into transparent thinness. He goes off into impalpable moonshine.

The pleasure of receiving a love-letter is exceeded only by the pleasure of writing one.

When Proteus, in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," receives a letter from Julia, he reads it and kisses it, exclaiming—

"Sweet love! sweet lines, sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn:
O that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents?
O heavenly Julia!"

One of the most extravagant and extraordinary love-letters on record, was sent by the Persian ambassador, Abbas Mirza, to an English lady, who had made a deep

impression on his Excellency's heart, as the reader will see from the following copy :

"When your glances dart like arrows from the bow of your eyebrows, millions of hearts are wounded. You may direct your shafts against a languishing soul; but though aimed at it for the first time, their aim could not be missed. When sharing with you the intoxicating cup of love, if an angel, descended from Heaven, were to appear at the gate of my palace, I would not open it. In vain the most fatal examples warn us not to enter the bazaar of love; I heed them not, and constantly expose myself to new dangers.

"I have thrown open the magazine of my soul; alas! I tremble lest the purchaser should enter it at my cost. My heart, sick with love for you, drinks with rapture the poisoned cup of Death; but such are the transports I experience, that thousands must envy my lot.

"The dust of the threshold of your door is a precious ointment to my eye—why am I not permitted to enjoy it? A thousand afflictions weigh on the heart of the Ambassador; when separated from you, perhaps these lines may recall him to your memory."

The following love-letter of the fifteenth century shows us the matter-of-fact manner in which they managed courtship and marriage in England in the olden days :

"To my right well-beloved cousin, John Paston, Esq., be this letter delivered, &c.

"Right worshipped and well-beloved Valentine.

"In my most humble wise, I recommend me unto you, &c. And

heartily I thank you for the letter, which that ye send me by John Beckerton, whereby I understand and know, that ye be purposed to come to Topcroft in short time, and without any errand or matter, but only to have a conclusion of the matter betwixt my father and you; I would be the most glad of any creature alive, so that the matter may grow to effect. And thereas, (whereas,) you say, and (if) ye come and find the matter no more towards you than ye did aforetime, ye would no more put my father and my lady, my mother, to no cost nor business, for that cause a good while after, which causeth my heart to be full heavy; and if that ye come, and the matter take to none effect, then should I be much more sorry, and full of heaviness.

“And as for myself, I have done, and understand in the matter that I can or may, as God knoweth; and I let you plainly understand that my father will no more money part withal in that behalf, but an £100 and five marks, (£3 6s. 8d.) which is right far from the accomplishment of your desire.

“Wherefore, if that ye should be content with that good, and my poor person, I would be the merriest maiden on ground; and if ye think not yourself so satisfied, or that ye might have much more good, as I have understood by you afore; good, true, and loving Valentine, that ye take no such labor upon you, as to come more for that matter. But let (what) is, pass, and never more be spoken of, as I may be your true lover and bedwoman during my life.

“No more unto you at this time; but Almighty Jesu preserve you both body and soul, &c.

“By your Valentine,

“MARGERY BREWS.

“Topcroft, 1476-7.”

The following letters were published in a Southern

paper in 1839, accompanied with a note which said that they were written by parties who were married one year previous to that date. The gentleman was a poor young man of genius, who won the love of one of the richest and most beautiful young ladies in St. Louis, with a love-letter :

“DEAR MISS W——.

“You will no doubt be surprised to receive a letter from one who is almost a total stranger to you, but I hope you will pardon me for my boldness when I tell you how truly, how deeply I love you. Perhaps prudence would dictate that I should, for the present, at least, withhold this confession, but my heart is impatient, and will not be quieted until I have made you acquainted with its secret. I am aware that the suddenness of my passion may awaken the suspicion that it is only a shallow and transient feeling, but I am sure that you have won my whole heart, and what more could you do were those charms of yours, which have so easily captivated me, to shine before me for years? Love is not a *vegetable* that it must *grow*, nor is it a thing of *logic* that it must depend upon sequences and conclusions; but it is a passion of the soul, which may, like thought, be born in an instant, especially in the presence of beauty and accomplishments such as you possess.

“All I expect in answer to this, I fear, imprudent note, is some intimation that I may dare to hope that I do not live without hope. Give me but an opportunity to prove myself worthy of the infinite happiness which your love would bestow, and there is no impossibility I would not achieve to obtain it. Indeed, since the first night I saw you, the perfection and the constellation of charms that shine in your person have filled my heart and brain so full that

I can do nothing but think of you all day and dream of you all night. I cannot imagine any happiness for myself in the future which is not identified with you.

"If your heart is yet free, and if you do not find objections to answering this note, I entreat you to deal with me with the same direct frankness that I have used in addressing you.

"I am, with great respect, and devoted love,

"HENRY B——."

THE ANSWER.

"ST. LOUIS, *May* 10, 1858.

"DEAR SIR,—It would be affectation in me to deny that your note of the 10th inst. pleases, as much as it surprises me; nor will I attempt to disguise that, at the present moment, I sincerely hope that you have rightly estimated the nature of the sentiment which you so frankly profess. There are no objections either to my corresponding with you, or receiving you as a guest at my father's house. The frankness of your letter agrees with the idea I had already formed of your character, and inspires me with confidence that you are incapable of any motive which should justly cause a lady to treat you with the severity of greater formality.

"With great respect, &c.,

"MAGGIE W——."

In the State of Pennsylvania there resides a celebrated politician, who married a daughter of an ex-senator of that State, after such a courtship as is revealed by the following letters, which a friend of the author has been allowed to copy:—

"August 3, 1840.

"DEAR JENNY,—I have been trying to get courage to write you this note for many months, but always my heart fails me, and I shrink with dread, almost with horror, from the idea even of the possibility that you may receive my declaration with indifference, or something worse. You cannot be ignorant that I love you—you must have seen it growing with your growth, through all these years of our acquaintance, and you too well know what pain it has given me when I have noticed a seeming partiality on your part for the company of another. If my heart were beating within your own breast, it could not more sensibly feel every motion and every act of yours than it does already. You have crowded everything else out of the world, and left it so full of your dear self, that I am conscious of nothing but your presence,—and the loss of that would be the annihilation of all my happiness. Tell me at once if you will be mine! I can live no longer in this terrible dim region of doubt and uncertainty, where the thick shadows of fear leave but transient gleams of sunshine upon my heart. I know that nothing I can write will add anything to the knowledge you already possess of my love—you have so often heard my heart tell it in my sighs, and seen its signs so plainly in the tears of my eyes, whenever I have contemplated the overpowering charm of your beauty, that you must already know all, better than I can tell it. My heart sits chained in suspense and dread until I hear from you.

"Devotedly yours,

"CHARLES N——."

THE ANSWER.

"August 4, 1840.

"DEAR CHARLES,—Your letter does not in the least take me by surprise. To tell you the truth, I have been surprised, and not a

little piqued, that you did not write it before. Had I not read that true love is generally timid and bashful I should not have believed that you love me at all, and should not have dared to cherish in my heart the love which I have for you for these three long years. Now that you have made me happy, I can laugh at the many foolish tears I have secretly shed when I thought you cold and indifferent; and what you refer to in your letter as my 'seeming partiality for the company of another,' was only *seeming*, for it was nothing but a trick to try your love when you chilled me with doubts by the coolness of your manner. But it is all over now, and I forgive you all the anxiety, and the many sleepless nights which you have caused me. And I forgive everybody, for I am the happiest girl alive.

"Your own delighted and loving

"JENNY R——."

Several years ago a poor young farmer, who lived with his parents in a dilapidated little log-house, about a hundred miles from a populous city, fell in love with a very gay and beautiful young lady, who spent two months of the hot weather at a watering-place in his neighborhood. He was a modest, good-looking youth, who won the respect of all who knew him by the regularity and industry of his habits, as well as by the gentleness and happiness of his manners. The charming young belle from the city first attracted his attention at a public ball given at the hotel, at which, though they were not introduced, he drew her notice upon himself by his evident admiration of her charms. Every evening afterwards the rustic swain was

at the hotel, dressed in the best he could afford, and love soon pushed him forward to bring about a speaking acquaintance with the object of his passion. With a woman's quick perception of such things she knew that she was really loved; and there was something so fresh, so sincere, and earnest in his attentions, that he rapidly won her confidence, which, with a girl of her age (seventeen), is full half-way to her love. Already she was happier when walking down by the brook with him, listening to the simple eloquence of his love-inspired conversation, than in the midst of all the glitter and heartless flirtations of the drawing-room and parlor of the fashionable hotel. But a few weeks took her back to the city, leaving a good many tender memories behind her, and carrying the entire world of the young farmer away with her to Cincinnati; and after two weeks had elapsed he sent her the following letter:—

“September 15, 1843.

“MY DEAR MISS,—When you left this place for your home in the city, I did not dare to ask you to correspond with me—such a thing would be a happiness and an honor too great for me to expect—but now that you are gone, and I am probably never to see you again, my heart forces me to write to you, and tell you what a revolution you have made in the plans and prospects of my life, by inspiring me with an ambition to achieve a position which shall render me worthy of being loved by some one as beautiful and charming as yourself. But alas! I dare not hope that I shall ever

find another so perfect in every grace, or one who can awaken such profound and sincere affection in my heart as you have inspired. You have created within me a new soul, and filled my being with emotions and admirations which I did not know myself capable of before. I have awaked to a new life, and entered into a new world, where all my former surroundings seem so utterly flat and contemptible that I am indescribably wretched in the midst of them. I shall soon quit this pent-up life where I now am, and go out to seek fortune and honor in the, to me, untried field of the world. As it was your beauty which first aroused my ambition to be more than what I now am, and tempted me to believe it possible for me to reach a point of usefulness and honor which will entitle me to a place in such society as yours, it is no more than just that you should know what you have so unconsciously done. If I succeed I shall owe all to you, and if I fail I shall hate myself the more to think that I lack the natural ability to become what your perfections have made me wish to be. But, *I will not fail*; and already I dare to bless you for all that hope gives me in the future.

"Pardon the liberty I take in writing to you, and if you think it unwarrantable, do not forget that it is all to be charged to your own resistless beauty, which has almost bewildered my senses.

"Devotedly yours, &c.,

"_____."

THE ANSWER.

"September 22, 18—.

"In answer to your letter I must confess that I really hope you are not mad, but that you are really in the possession of all your senses, and that all you profess is strictly true; for then I shall have a motive to watch your career, and rejoice in every step you take

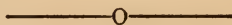
in the path of honor and fame. The world is as untried a field to me as to you, and if I have been the means of sending you into it, it is no more than just that you should allow me to share the benefit of your experience there. I shall not fail to *wait* patiently to see what comes of your adventure.

"I have not forgotten our little rambles by the brook—I have not forgotten one word I ever heard you say while standing in the shade of that old tree by the gate—I have not forgotten *anything*—though I have often wished that I could, since I came away. But maybe my mind will not now go back to those scenes so often, when I know that you have left them. I hope I shall know where you are, and that you will never have occasion to think less kindly of me than you profess to now.

"Truly yours,

"ANNIE ———."

The young farmer is already rejoicing in the honorable title of "Governor," and has his eye lifted yet higher up the ladder of fame. The little city belle is his happy wife, to whom he still insists that he owes all his success, as it was love alone which inspired his ambition.



LOVE-POWDERS.

The advertisements in the daily papers of nearly all metropolitan cities, show that the traffic in *love-powders* is carried on to a considerable extent at the present day. *These drugs are probably a harmless piece of charlatanry

so far as any medicinal effect is concerned, being designed to catch the money of the fools who try them.

But in ancient times science was really taxed to produce artificial means whereby a cold lover might be warmed into the tender flame.

The Thessalian women were famous for their skill in this kind of practice, which they professed to accomplish by potions called *Philtrea*, which are frequently mentioned by both the Greek and Roman authors. Juvenal in his Sixth Satire has these lines—

“This pedlar offers magic charms, the next
Philters, by which the husband's mind's perplext.”

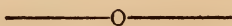
The operations of these *love-drugs* were violent and sometimes dangerous, often depriving those who took them of their reason. Plutarch and Cornelius Nepos report that Lucullus, the Roman, first lost his reason and afterwards his life by one of them. Lucretius, the poet, ended his days in the same way, and Caius Caligula, as Suetonius affirms, was driven into a fit of madness by a philter given him by his wife.

Ovid condemned these medicines of love in the following lines:

“All poisonous drugs and necromantic arts
Ne'er move the scornful maids' relentless hearts,
They but distract the senses, seize the brain,
And Venus' rites and mysteries profane.”

Several of the ingredients of these love-potions are mentioned by Apuleius :

“From every part they magic draughts procure,
For that much-famed Antipathes they seek
Pills, fillits, and those love-enforcing birds,
Roots too, and baneful herbs, and sappy sprigs
With scarlet oaks and the hippomanes.”



LOVE-SICK.

Love-sickness, or love-madness, is a disease of the mind which springs from disappointed love. However much philosophers and phlegmatic natures may laugh at the idea, it is nevertheless as well proved that men and women go mad from too much love, or from disappointment in love, as that they are crazed by other causes.

Moore has four charming lines which express this excess of the tender passion :

“To feel that we adore,
To that refined excess,
The heart could break with more,
Yet could not live with less.”

This disease is sometimes called a *brcken-heart*, and the poet says, intimating the impossibility of curing it—

“The only place for a broken heart
Lies in the hollow earth.”

In the “Maid’s Tragedy” by Beaumont and Fletcher there is the following description of a love-sick maiden :

“This lady
Walks discontented, with her watery eyes
Bent on the earth: the unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in; and make her maids
Pluck ’em, and strew her over like a corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief
That strikes all her beholders, she will sing
The mournfull’st things that ever ears have heard.
And sigh and sing again; and when the rest
Of our young ladies in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course that fill the room
With laughter, she will with so sad a look
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that, ere she end,
She’ll send them weeping one by one away.”

The following are this unhappy maiden’s own words, which are sufficiently indicative of the nature of the sickness that brings her to the tomb.

*" Lay a garland on my hearte of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear ; say I died true :
My love was false, but I was firm from my hour of birth ;
Upon my buried body lay lightly gentle earth.*

Madam, good night ;—may no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you ; but if there do,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your moan,
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I ; but if you love so well,
Alas, you may displease him, so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me :
Ladies farewell ; as soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse ;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear
To offer at it when I go to earth :
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my bier
Be borne by virgins that shall sing by course
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

Thomson seems to have been of the opinion that all lovers were verging on the brink of the love-sickness.

*" A lover is the very fool of nature,
Made sick by his own wantonness of thought,
This fever'd fancy."*

SOPHONISBA, Act iii. 2.

LIPS.

Jules Viard says, "The woman who has delivered you her mouth, has already delivered you all."

Voltaire has an exquisite verse on this subject, of which the following is a literal translation: "If you press a beautiful breast and beautiful arms, they may not return your caresses; but kiss the mouth, and it answers with the soul. The soul flies to those ruby lips; the two make but one, and it is a paradise."

Perhaps these French authors state the danger of granting full possession of the lips a little too strongly, but nearly all the poets have confirmed this judgment. The following quaint old lines are from Drummond:

"Dear life when I do touch
Those coral ports of bliss,
Which still themselves do kiss,
And sweetly me invite to do as much;
All panting on thy lips
My heart my life doth leave,
No sense my senses have,
And inward powers do feel a strange eclipse:
This death so heavenly well
Doth me so please, that I
Would never longer seek in sense to dwell,
If that e'er thus I only could but die."

The following is from an anonymous French poet:

" And from that dewy panting lip
Such sweet, such balmy dews I sip,
As bathe the newly op'ning flower
That blooms in some ambrosial bower,
'Midst heavenly joys I seem to rove,
And taste the nectar'd feasts of love."

" Sweet are those lips so ruby bright,
Like twin rose-buds in vernal weather
When their young beauties burst in sight.
Oh! thou art lovely altogether.

BONNEFARS.

" The kiss that she left on my lip,
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie;
'Twas nectar she gave me to sip,
'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh.

" The dew that distill'd in that kiss,
To my soul was voluptuous wine;
Ever since, it is drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine."

MOORE.

Mrs. Helen Rich is the authoress of a beautiful poem entitled "My Irish Lass," in which Cupid is represented as bathing in the dimples that lie near her dewy lips:

" And oft his downy wing he dips
Within the dimples deep that lie,
So near the ruby snare, thy lips,
And wounds the helpless passer-by."

MAD.

Almost every village in the world has at least one poor love-crazed maid, who wanders up and down, the sport of the boys and girls, and the theme of conversation for the old people, who remember the time when the long dreaming night fell upon her intellect.

The story of the betrayal and ruin is about the same in every place; and the characteristics of the love-madness are varied only by the monotony of despair, and the fitful gleams of discordant merriment that flash out through the rifted brain.

The following quaint poem, called the "Mad Maid's Song," written by Robert Herrick in 1630, is a faithful picture of a crazed lover :

" Good-morrow to the day so fair,
 Good-morrow, sir, to you ;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
 Bedabbled with the dew.

" Good-morrow to this primrose, too,
 Good-morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
 Wherein my love is laid.

" Ah, woe is me ! woe, woe is me,
 Alack and well-a-day !
For pity, sir, find out that bee
 Which bore my love away.

"I'll seek him in your bonnet brave,
I'll seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think they've made his grave,
I' the bed of strawberries.

"Pray hurt him not,—though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him;
And who with green turfs reared his head,
And who do rudely move him.

"He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of cowslip bind him,
And bring him home—but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him."



MARRIAGE.

Dr. Johnson says, "Marriage is evidently the dictate of nature; men and women are made to be the companions of each other, and therefore I cannot be persuaded, but that marriage is one of the means of happiness."

Marriage has been by all nations, whether civilized or barbarous, ancient or modern, held in respect and veneration. Only the dissolute and the foolish scoff at it.

"Hail, wedded love! mysterious bond, true source
Of human offspring, sole property,
In Paradise of all things common else.

By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known."

MILTON.

A quaint old author wrote a humorous piece entitled "Geographical Description of the Isle of Matrimony," which, notwithstanding its length, I will quote entire.

"The Isle of Matrimony is situated on the extremities of the torrid and frozen zones, and consequently the temperature of the air must be very variable and unsettled, as the bitterest cold morning has been frequently known to succeed the warmest evening. During the spring, this island experiences the most sultry heats, and this to so great an excess, that the heads of its inhabitants are frequently turned, and there is perhaps no island rising above the surface of the ocean in which are found so many lunatics. The summers, however, are more temperate and refreshing, and the gentle breezes that are wafted from the continent of Prudence sometimes remove the boils occasioned by the violence of the spring. The autumn is a busy and disagreeable season, for then the mind of every thoughtful inhabitant is perpetually employed in the care of their *tender vines*, in bringing their fruit to perfection, and in finding a proper market for them ; but many of their vines are frequently destroyed in their bloom by too tender a treatment, and still more are ruined by the pestiferous blights from the eastern regions of Luxury. The winters in this island are horrible indeed ; for howling and freezing winds from the dreary regions of the north confine the inhabitants to their houses, and sometimes to their beds. At this season the

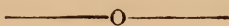
men grow fretful and surly, and the women loquacious, and scold immoderately.

“There is one thing peculiar to this island (if we may believe what Voltaire says), ‘that strangers are desirous of settling there, while its natural inhabitants would be gladly banished from it.’ Whoever takes up his abode on this island, must, by the laws of it, connect himself with a partner, and such partnership nothing can dissolve but the death of one of them, in which case it has frequently been observed that the surviving party has instantly quitted this island and returned to it no more. When strangers first come here, they are highly delighted with the external appearance of harmony between each person and their partner; but they no sooner make a settlement here themselves, than they find that the nocturnal disease, called by the inhabitants a *curtain lecture*, destroys all their felicity.

“Among the politer part of the inhabitants of this island, it is very unfashionable for two partners to be seen in the same company; and it is too common for one to connive at the other’s dealing in *contraband goods*, though the laws are very severe against it, and punish the offenders with heavy fines and disgrace. Yet the law has no terrors for many. The arms of this island, by which it is distinguished from all others, are, a plain ring, or, on a field, sable, the supporters, Bacchus and Morpheus; the motto, *Misericordia mihi!* and the crest, a death’s head upon an hour-glass. The usual diversion of these people is cards, with which both parties frequently try who shall first ruin the other; but matrimonial partners are never suffered to play in the same company, unless their behavior announces them utter strangers to each other.

“People in general, on their first settlement in this island, are, as it were, enchanted with the beautiful appearance of what is here

called the *Honey Moon*; but many of them, before they have a month inhabited the island, find that what appeared to them at first as a most resplendent luminary, is nothing but a phantom, a mere vapor of the imagination. Yet this island may be considered as the garden of pleasure and the centre of all human happiness, in comparison to Bachelor's Island, which is the abode of vexation, the den of discontent, and the vale of misery."



MEN.

Women are often poor judges of men. If a man is simply agreeable to a woman, she is apt to invest him with attributes which belong more to herself than to him. An inexperienced and generous-minded girl, who is all sincerity and affection herself, is in great danger of attributing to every man who approaches her with a show of tenderness and love, the natural truth and sincerity of her own heart.

Women ought to understand that when men's purposes are most guilty in relation to them, they put on the most plausible garb of seeming sincerity and truth.

"Thou knowest not man; not nature's man,
But only him who in smooth studied words
Of polished sages, shines deceitfully
In all the splendid foppery of virtue.
That man was never born whose secret soul
With all its motley treasure of dark thoughts,

Foul fantasies, vain musings, and wild dreams,
Was ever open to another's scan."

BAILLIE, *De Monfort*, Act i. 2.

"What is man,
When the worst heart can wear a brow of virtue,
And false appearances smile us to destruction?
And yet, what is he not, when crown'd with truth,
With every social virtue?"

MORE'S *Regulus*.

Law, in his "Serious Call," gives this excellent advice to young girls—"But above all avoid the conversation of fine-bred fops and beaux, and hate nothing more than the idle discourse, the flattery, and compliments of that sort of men; for they are the shame of their own sex, and ought to be the abhorrence of yours."

But if enthusiastic young girls are liable to over-estimate the virtues of their beaux, there are women who are certainly in no danger of making such a mistake. A maiden lady says that a woman marrying nowadays, must wed a pair of rejected pants, a box of buttonless shirts, six bottles of hair oil, a little chest of patent medicines with the labels in the French language, a mass of unpaid tailors' bills, a broken constitution, with a brain which considers business a ridiculous as well as a vulgar way of spending life.

The woman who has such an idea of men has certainly a good and sufficient reason for remaining "single."

MEETING OF LOVERS.

The secret meeting of lovers, though too often, alas! a dangerous thing, is nevertheless a sweet and fascinating occasion, on which the heart tastes the rapture of partaking of forbidden fruit, without the painful sting of vice, or even the consciousness of wrong-doing.

A maid who is innocent and truthful herself, but who bashfully shrinks from having her mamma know that she is in love, will consent to meet her lover in some sly nook of the garden, or down in the glen by the side of a cascade (for lovers will naturally choose the most romantic spot for such an interview), and then if she happens to arrive at the appointed place first, how sly, and soft, and fleet, seem to fall the footsteps of the minutes that pass before his arrival! How her breath stops, and her heart comes up into her mouth, and listens at every rustling of a leaf, or stray sound from the distant village; every noise, if it is only the wind creaking the old fences, is converted into his step, and every shadow that the flitting clouds throw into the winding path for a single happy second, assumes his shape. Her heart is so full of him, that the whole world, to her imagination, contains nothing but him. But he comes! and a decent respect for the memory of our own youthful days forces the author and reader to step aside and leave this loving pair to the secrecy which they have sought. Come along—that

sweet little noise you hear is nothing but a harmless young bird picking cherries.

In a tragedy called "Bussy D'Ambois" written in 1613, by Chapman, there is the following passage descriptive of the enchantment of this love-meeting. :

" Now all the peaceful Regents of the Night,
 Silently-gliding exhalations,
 Languishing Winds, and murmuring Falls of Waters,
 Sadness of Heart, and Ominous Secureness,
 Enchantment's dead Sleeps; all the Friends of Rest,
 That ever wrought upon the life of man;
 Extend your utmost strengths, and this charm'd hour
 Fix like the centre; make the violent wheels
 Of Time and Fortune stand; and great Existence,
 The Maker's Treasury, now not seem to be
 To all but my approaching friend and me."

Again on the same subject :

" Here's nought but whispering with us: like a calm
 Before a tempest, when the silent air
 Lays her soft ear close to the earth, to harken
 For that, she fears is coming to afflict her."



MODESTY.

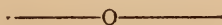
Modesty in woman is the charm of charms—it is like the mantle of green to nature, without which she is a

desert, or a morass. It is modesty which supplies the very nerves and soul to beauty. "A fair woman, without virtue," saith the Bible, "is like palled wine." It is a woman's *point of honor*, which she can never allow to be insulted with impunity. Her honor, like the snow, is melted with the slightest touch. It is like rose-water in a beautiful glass: break but the glass, and how doth the fragrant essence embrace the dust, and lose for ever its charming sweetness!

The following gem, from a comedy entitled "The Rewards of Virtue," by John Fountain, printed in 1661, is a beautiful portrait of a modest woman assailed with a dishonorable proposal.

"When I first

Mention'd the business to her all alone,
 Poor soul, she blush'd, as if already she
 Had done some harm by hearing of me speak;
 Whilst from her pretty eyes two fountains ran
 So true, so native, down her fairest cheeks;
 As if she thought herself obliged to cry,
 'Cause all the world was not as good as she."



MOONLIGHT.

Moonlight is a charming thing to lovers. Byron sings—

"The devil's in the moon for mischief,"

And it is to be feared that there is quite as much historical as poetical truth in this line. The noble poet adds—

“There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
 A stillness which leaves room for the full soul
 To open all itself, without the power
 Of calling wholly back its self-control;
 The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,
 Sheds beauty and deep softness o’er the whole,
 Breathes also to the heart, and o’er it throws
 A loving languor which is not repose.”

Some of the finest lines ever written by Shakspeare were on the captivating beauty of moonlight.

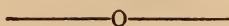
“How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sound of music
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
 Becomes the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
 There’s not the smallest orb, which thou behold’st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-ey’d cherubims:
 Such harmony is in immortal souls!
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act v. 1.

Home has a fine passage on the sanctity of moonlight—

“How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Through skies, where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o’er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in aught believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.”

DOUGLAS, Act iv. 1.

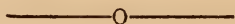


MODERATION.

Moderation in love is not a popular idea with romantic lovers, notwithstanding they are all familiar with the maxim, that “hot love is soon cold.” But still they wish to be “loved madly,” as it is called, and would prefer open disdain to prudent moderation in the conduct of a lover. Thomas Carew, the poet of the court of Charles II., gave expression to this idea in the following song:—

“Give me more love, or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Brings equal ease unto my pain;
The temperature affords me none:
Either extreme of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

"Give me a storm; if it be love—
 Like Danaë in a golden shower,
 I swim in pleasure; if it prove
 Disdain, that torrent will devour
 My vulture hopes; and he's possess'd
 Of heaven that's but from hell releas'd.
 Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
 Give me more love or more disdain."



MONEY.

The connexion between love and money is that which exists between the pawnbroker and the victim of misfortune. Money can buy the counterfeit of love, but never love itself.

But still, from the day that Jupiter won the lovely Danaë with a shower of gold, to the present hour, money has been held one of the chief doors which open to the heart of love.

Cowley has paraphrased the Sixteenth Ode of the Third Book of Horace, in which the conversion of Jupiter into a golden shower is attributed to a lesson which Venus gave the great god in the art of love—

"She taught the am'rous dove
 A magical receipt in love,
 Which arm'd him stronger, and which help'd him more,
 Than all his thunder did, and his almightyship before.

She taught him love's elixir, by which art
 His godhead into gold he did convert ;
 No guards did then his passage stay,
 He pass'd with ease, *gold was the word* ;
 Subtle as lightning, bright, and quick, and fierce,
 Gold through doors and walls did pierce."

Marriage for money is of much more frequent occurrence than love for the same coin. On this subject of marrying for money the gifted Miss Mulock makes the following just observation :—

"Marriage ought always to be a question not of necessity, but choice. *Every girl ought to be taught that a hasty, loveless union stamps upon her as foul dishonor as one of those connexions which omit the legal ceremony altogether*—and that, however pale, dreary, and toilsome a single life may be, unhappy married life must be ten-fold worse, an ever-haunting temptation, an incurable regret, a torment from which there is no escape but death."

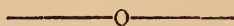
Susanna Blamire, a Scotch poetess of the last century, wrote a fine poem on this subject, of which the following is the opening verse :—

"And ye shall walk in silk attire,
 And siller hae to spare,
 Gin ye'll consent to be his bride,
 Nor think o' Donald mair.
 Oh, wha wad buy a silken gown
 Wi' a puir broken heart?
 Or what's to me a siller crown,
 Gin frae my love I part?"

Rich old men often buy young girls in marriage, and quite as often, perhaps, repent of having done so. Burns has a characteristic little poem on this subject, of which the following are the first and last verses :—

“What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie
What can a young lassie do wi’ an auld man?
Bad luck to the penny that tempted my minnie,
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan’!

“My auld Auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I’ll do my endeavor to follow her plan;
I’ll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,
An’ then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.”



MUSIC.

Virey says, “Love invented music; it has taught it even to animals. The more amorous the birds are, the more they make their sweet voices heard.”

And Ricard tells us that, “It is in learning music that many young hearts ‘learn love;’” and he might have added *of the same teacher too*, for it is rarely ever that a young girl escapes getting in love with her music teacher, if he is a gentleman,—for which reason discreet parents invariably employ ladies to teach their romantic daughters the accomplishment of music.

Shakspeare recognises this power of music over the senses in these lines—

“’Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.”

And again—

“If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall;
Oh, it came o’er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odors.”

TWELFTH NIGHT, Act i. 1.

Carew wrote, in 1630, a little poem on “Celia Singing,” in which is the following verse—

“You think that love can convey
No other way
But through the eyes into the heart
This fatal dart;
Close up those casements, and but hear
This syren sing,
And on the wing
Of her sweet voice it shall appear
That love can enter at the ear.”

NO.

For a little word, this is a tremendous one in love. When it is really a negative, it is a funeral bell rung out with one ruthless blow over the departure of the last hope in a lover's breast.

But *no* often means *yes* in love. A refusal may be so spoken as to amount to a promise. A chastisement may be so administered as to be really a caress.

Charles de Bernard says, "In love the virtuous woman says *no* ; the passionate, *yes* ; the capricious, yes and no ; the coquette says neither yes nor no."

Alfred de Musset, the clever French poet, says, "The woman that really means to refuse is content to say no ; the one that explains wishes to be further persuaded."

"The whispered no—how little meant
Sweet falsehood that endears consent!"

In a song by C. C. Burr there is the following verse :

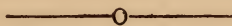
"I asked her for a kiss so sly,
As we stood near the tide of Tanna ;
Her lips said 'no'—but in her eye
There was a 'yes!' O bonny Anna!
Near the sunny banks of Tanna,
By the softly winding Tanna,
Her lips said 'no'—but her blue eye
Spoke such a 'yes'—O bonny Anna.

NOVELTY.

Great is novelty in love—so great that the French poets have quite generally agreed in declaring that, the novelty over, the best part of love is gone.

Balzac says, “Almost always love dies when the novelty is no more.”

Rochefoucauld says, “Novelty to love, like bloom to fruit, gives a lustre which is easily effaced; but it never returns.”



NOW.

The only time that love is sure of is the present. It knows what it *now* enjoys, but it has an uncertain lease of to-morrow. This fact is well put by a Greek poet who, in answer to a lady that promised a kiss “to-morrow,” wrote this epigram—

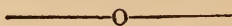
“‘To-morrow,’—This to-morrow ne’er is seen,
 Habitual plea of dilatory spleen.
 To me be kind to-day;—nor others give
 What I, to-morrow’s fool, shall ne’er receive.
 ‘This evening.’—What’s a woman’s evening? Years!
 Evening that comes too late when beauty disappears.”

Etheridge wrote a song which was popular in “Old

England" long ago, that celebrates the importance of *the now* in love.

"It is not, Celia, in our power
 To say how long our love will last;
 It may be we within this hour
 May lose the joys we now do taste:
 The blessed that immortal be
 From change of love are only free.

"Then since we mortal lovers are,
 Ask not how long our love will last;
 But while it does, let us take care
 Each minute be with pleasure past:
 Were it not madness to deny
 To live, because we're sure to die?"



NECTAR.

Nectar was the drink of the gods, which gave delicious gaiety, and the sweet intoxication of joy, to all their festive occasions.

Sappho welcomes Venus to a banquet, at which *nectar* was to be the great treat :

"Venus, come! forsake the sky
 For this our banquet's gayety.
 Come—while the golden beakers gleam,
 The nectar mix in purple stream;

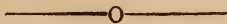
Fill to these gentle friends the wine:
Mine are these, and these are thine."

This imaginary drink of the gods has ever been a favorite word with the poets for the *real* sweetness of a lovely woman's lips. Thus the very thirsty Mr. Sheridan, as I believe I have elsewhere quoted, sings:

"I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip."

A lover who sees a sparrow kissing his sweetheart's lips, addressed her these lines:

"My Anna, why let sparrows sip
The nectar from your rosy lip?
Ask but your heart—it will suggest,
They value not what makes me blest."



OATHS.

Lovers are generally full of oaths—swearing of the boundlessness and constancy of their affections. But women may never wisely nor safely confide in such extravagant professions.

Catulle says, "The women ought not to believe the

oaths of men, because it costs them nothing to swear and to promise."

Ninon de l'Enclos says, "Oaths are false money, with which we pay the sacrifice of love."

Ricard humorously remarks that "We deceive the little girls with dolls, and the big ones with oaths."

There is no oath that makes so many perjurers as the oath of love.

The following little scrap is entitled "The Lover's Oath."

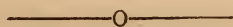
"By Diana's silver car,
By the bright Hesperian star,
By Aurora's blushing cheek,
By pale Eve with farewell meek,
By the golden noon-day bright,
By the sphere-bespangled night,
By the nectar-breathing rose,
By each tender plant that blows,
By the daisy-sprinkled plain,
By the azure-bosomed main,
By the flow'ry margined rills,
By the woods and by the hills,
By all pretty things that move,
By yourself, all sweets above,
You, and only you, I love."

OBSTACLES.

Obstacles are whetstones to love. They are the great incentives of a desire to overcome them, of which love has all the benefit. They have often created, often revived, often perpetuated, but never destroyed love. They impart a peculiar zest to an intrigue, which would without them have perished with languor and wearisomeness. Obstacles in love work like mountains and hills of trees interspersed through the country, which interrupt the prospect only to make it more agreeable and charming.

In a tragi-comedy by John Webster written in 1623, and entitled the "Devil's Law Case," there is the following passage illustrative of the spur that obstacles apply to love.

"Let those that would oppose this union,
Grow ne'er so subtle, and entangle themselves
In their own work like spiders; while we two
Haste to our noble wishes; and presume,
The hindrance of it will breed more delight,—
As black copartaments show gold more bright."



. OGLE.

Ogling is fixing the eyes amorously upon a woman as if in the operation of trying to mesmerize her. This is a

method of attack practised by old roués and worn-out women-hunters, whose lascivious souls can conceive of nothing more likely to insure success. And they are quite sure to succeed in disgusting every woman they come near, who is not as vicious as themselves.

Men ogglers are bad enough, but for a woman to practise such tricks is disgusting beyond expression.

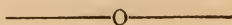
There is an old song by Sir W. Young which sufficiently chastises ogling women :

“ Good madam, when ladies are willing,
 A man must needs look like a fool ;
 For me I would not give a shilling
 For one that can love without rule.

“ At least you should wait for our offers,
 Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;
 If you’ve lived to these years without proffers
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.

* * * * * * *

“ That you’re in a terrible taking
 From all your fond oglings I see ;
 But the fruit that will fall without shaking,
 Indeed is too mellow for me.”



OLD BACHELORS.

Old bachelors were always objects of pity and ridicule; and in the states of Greece and Rome they were fined

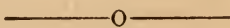
and punished by statute. When Camillus and Posthumus were censors, they enacted a law that old bachelors should pay a sum of money, by way of fine, into the public treasury. And if they complained, or paid the fine unwillingly, they were further punished by a public reprimand.

Lycurgus set a mark of infamy on old bachelors by debarring them from the shows of young women, who performed several public exercises undressed. And the Archons ordered them to go round the Forum naked in winter time, singing as they went round, a song, the burden of which was their own disgrace.

We are informed by Athenæus that "in Sparta, the women, on a certain festal day, dragged the old bachelors round about an altar, and beat them with rods: that to avoid the scandal arising from this deed, they might become lovers of children, and in good time betake themselves to marriage."

Plutarch tells the following story of the philosopher Thales, which shows what interest the wise men of Greece took in the bachelor question:—"Solon being with Thales on a visit at Miletus, wondered he was altogether indifferent about marrying and having children. Thales for that time was silent: but letting a few days pass, he procured a stranger to say, he had left Athens ten days ago. Solon asking if there were any news at Athens, the man being instructed what to say, answered,

there were none other but that a certain youth was carried out to be buried, and the whole city attended his funeral; for he was the son (as it was reported) of an honorable man, and the first of the citizens for virtue; yet he was not present; but, they said, he had been gone a journey a long time. How unhappy is he, said Solon! what is his name? I heard his name, said the man, but I don't remember; only that there was a great talk of his wisdom and justice. Thus, at every answer, Solon increasing in fear, and at last being quite affrighted, he himself suggested a name to the stranger, and inquired if the deceased were not called the son of Solon? When the man answered, yes, he began to beat his head, and to do and say whatever occurs to them who suffer greatly. Then Thales took him up, and laughing, said: These things, O Solon, have kept me from marrying, and from having children, which disturb even you so much, though a man of the greatest constancy. But be comforted about the report, for it is not true."



OLD MAIDS.

Old maids are, if possible, more laughed at than old bachelors, though I know not with what reason. It is generally supposed that old bachelors are such from

choice, while old maids are so from necessity. Public impression is here again at fault, at least in some cases where women remain single from their own desire. But those who are looked upon as the *real old maid* are a class of females who by no means of their own free choice array themselves in virgin white; but like certain desolate countries of the middle ages, they continue free because no one ever thought them worth the trouble of conquest. They have outlived their time, and, like certain unskilful archers, bent their bow till it broke :

“Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers,---old without a friend.”

When this old maid has flirted away the heyday of her youth until she is a sour and superannuated coquette, the rage for conquest still burns long after she has lost the power of captivating :

“And now she would,—but now she cannot, wed!”

At last she will put in her claims to respect (which is the *last* step) in consideration of her age—a very poor and doubtful plea for “a virgin with a winter face.” Thus are the last days of a coquette worse than the first. The rebuffs she meets with do not tend to sweeten her temper. Vexed by every petty slight, pained by casual incivility, and mortified by the modifications of compliment, she becomes spiteful at the men, and settles down

into a mere image of dried earth and phlegm, needing paint for her heart even more than for her complexion.

When last seen alive this antique piece of human nature is relating the love adventures of her youth—counting upon her fingers the number of “offers” she has had, and detailing the disappointment of the many unhappy men she rejected.

The old maid has been, if fruitful in nothing else, an abundant source of amusement to the poets. The following old epigram is an example :

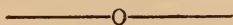
“Of charms Flirtilla might have boasted
With reason, in her prime ;
Perhaps by every wit was toasted,
Who lived in Noah’s time.

“But now her days of love are over,
Of ogling and of sighing ;
’Twere wise no more to seek a lover
But think at last of dying.”

Francis Beaumont, in a volume of poems he published in 1653, gives the following witty description of the useless life of an old maid :

“Like a ring without a finger,
Or a bell without a ringer ;
Like a ship which ne’er is rigg’d
Or a mine that’s never digg’d ;

Like a wound without a tent,
 Or civet box which has no scent;
 Just such as these may she be said
 That lives, ne'er loves; but dies a maid."



PASSION.

Passion is another name for love. Voltaire says, "Love is of all the passions the strongest, because it acts at once on the head, the heart, and the body." It is its influence on the body which is more particularly denominated *passion*.

Perhaps the finest passage in all the poets illustrative of this passion is in the Greek poet Musæus's poem of "Hero and Leander:—"

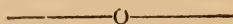
"Now Hero walked the fane with virgin grace,
 A shining beauty lightening from her face :
 As white the moon emerges to the view
 With her clear visage of transparent hue :
 Such Hero's cheek ; but on those cheeks of snow,
 Were two vermillion circles seen to glow :
 The scarlet and the milky rose appeared,
 As from their velvet sheath their buds they reared ;
 And he, that looked on Hero's limbs, had said,
 That meads of roses there their colours spread.
 Soft blushed her tinted limbs ; her ankles glowed
 With roses, as the robe's white drapery flowed

Light-wafted with her step ; soft Graces skim
 Round all her form, and float from every limb :
 Three Graces live in legendary lies :
 A thousand spring from Hero's laughing eyes.

* * * * *

The torch of flame

Fierce on the heart from mingling eyebeams came :
 For keener than a rapid arrow's flight,
 Does faultless beauty pierce the mortal sight :
 The eye inflicts, the eye admits the blow ;
 Soft glides the wound with poison thrilling slow,
 And o'er the heart of man the soft contagions flow.
 Amazement, boldness, trembling, shame, contest,
 With struggling tumults, in Leander's breast :
 His heart quick trembled, and his cheeks blushed flame ;
 Her charms amazed, and passion vanquished shame.
 Shameless from love, some few soft steps he took,
 Confronting stood, and fixed the virgin's look ;
 Turning his sidelong eyes with luring wile
 By silent hints the damsel to beguile.
 She, when his art she marked, in conscious grace
 Smiled to herself, and oft she veiled her face ;
 Yet, stealthily with secret beck, the maid
 Twinkling her eyelids, every sign repaid :
 With rapture flushed, the gazing youth believed
 His signal answered, and his suit received."



POETRY.

The connexion between love and poetry is about as

intimate as that between the heart and brain. Lord Byron tells us that he never wrote anything worth reading until he was in love. A large portion of the best poetry ever written is the inspiration of the tender passion. It was to the love of Laura that we owe the best poetry of Petrarch, and to Beatrice that we are indebted for the best part of Dante. The finest strains of Tasso were unsung but for his love of Leonora. This poet sings—

“From my very birth,
My soul was drunk with love.”

The sweetest sonnets of Shakspeare, Klopstock, Ariosto, Chaucer, and Milton were born of the same inspiration; and Burns and Moore, and a long list of poets, who have, in their day, delighted the world, were nothing without it.

Even one of the finest hymns now sung in churches, from the pious Dr. Watts, was originally inspired by love for a false and fickle fair one, who ruthlessly jilted the devotional poet :

“How vain are all things here below !
How *false* and yet how *fair* ;
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

“The *fondness* of a *creature's* love
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them hence.”

Alas! my good Dr. Watts! The author of Festus says:

“Without love no bard can be.”

All real lovers are poets. That rough whistling backwoodsman, who reads never a book, is also during some brief gushes of thought transformed into a poet by love for some rustic “Mary” who lives with her father over the stream, by the side of the hill, and who is also the beauty and pride of all the chaps and maidens far and near.

She comes to him in dreams at night, and lays a bunch of wild flowers upon his pillow—she frowns upon him—then she smiles—then she kisses her hand, and coyly turns away, and trips it like a fairy over the glen; and he wakes, and finds his heart throbbing, and his blood rushing up and down through his veins like wine.

All the next day he has no more any heart for work. As soon as the twilight comes, he wanders off into the grove, by the brook. The murmur of the ripples is her voice—the white lily, that lies so pure and still upon the gentle swell of the wave, is her bosom—the first two bright stars that come out in the evening sky are the sweet light of her eyes—the ripe red of the cherries is the color of her lips—the blush of the rose is the tinge of beauty on her cheek, and that sound of the robin in the maple tree, is the voice of her soul, come out to sing him some song of love.

And I warrant you he will write some verses; rude, straggling lines, which strive in vain to utter the unutterable feelings of his bosom.

Had this swain only an utterance equal to his thoughts, he too would be a poet in these strange wild moments of his delight,—and in revenge for all the sweet inquietude of his breast would address her some such missive as the following—

“You are a cunning thief, I know,
Who stole the whiteness of the snow
That matchless bosom to adorn:
E’en now I see the blush of morn
Is flashing o’er thy beauteous cheek,
Coquetting with the smiles so sweet—
You stole them all.

“You’ve caught the Graces’ winning smiles
And stolen all their fatal wiles.
The sweetness which your breathing sheds,
Was taken from the lily beds,
And ripest cherries dipt in dew,
Give to those blushing lips their hue—
You charming thief.

“I long have known your thieving art,—
But after all, you stole my heart;
O mighty Jove, revenge my wrongs!
To thee the dreadful task belongs;—
But if thou’lt not chastise her charms
I’ll lock her up—within my arms,
This cunning thief.”

PROMISES.

Love is fruitful in promises, and it often breaks them as easily as it makes them.

Catulle says: "It is on the breath, on the wind, and on the surface of shadows, that we must write the promises of women."

A French proverb says that "He who takes an eel by its tail, or a woman by her promise, can say that he holds nothing."

And another French proverb declares that, "The promise of woman is a feather on water."

Now the excellency of all these sayings consists in the fact that, applied to man, they are just as true, if not truer.

All promises, given in the ecstasy of love, are made when the heart is on wings, and are very apt to be forgotten when it gets back to its feet again.

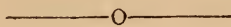
Massinger has an appropriate passage on the promises of men :

"Great men,
Till they have gain'd their ends, are giants in
Their promises; but, those obtain'd, weak pigmies
In their performance. And it is a maxim
Allow'd among them, so they may deceive,
They may swear anything; for the queen of love,
As they hold constantly, does never punish,
But smiles at lovers' perjuries."

MASSINGER'S *Great Duke of Florence*.

Of the promise of woman Byron says—

“ We fondly hope ’twill last for aye.
When, lo ! she changes in a day ;
This record will for ever stand,
Woman, thy vows are traced in sand.”



PARTING.

The poet calls parting a “sweet sorrow;” and lovers often find it an occasion of testing how much they are loved, where before they had been in doubt.

Adrien Dupuy says, “Hearts perfectly united do not part, but are torn asunder.”

Rowe has advanced a similar idea in his “Tamerlane.”

“ Death is parting,
’Tis the last sad adieu ’twixt soul and body.
But this is somewhat worse—my joy, my comfort,
All that was left in life, flies after thee ;
My aching sight hangs o’er thy parting beauties,
Thy lovely eyes, all drown’d in floods of sorrow.
So sinks the setting sun beneath the waves,
And leaves the traveller in pathless woods
Benighted and forlorn ! thus, with sad eyes
Westward he turns to mark the light’s decay,
Till having lost the last sad glimpse of day,
Cheerless, in darkness, he pursues his way.”

TAMERLANE, Act ii. 2.

Dryden has a similar thought in his Spanish Friar :

“ Parting is worse than Death ; ’tis death of Love !
The soul and body part not with such pain,
As I from you.”

Suckling addressed a poem to a lady, on her leaving England, in which there is a passage of great beauty on parting :

“ I must confess, when I did part from you,
I could not force an artificial dew
Upon my cheeks, nor with a gilded phrase
Express how many hundred several ways
My heart was tortur’d, nor with arms across
In discontented garbs set forth my loss.”

“ Fill me no cup of Xeres’ wine to her my heart holds dear,
If you insist to pledge with me, then drop a single tear ;
For she I love is far away, and months must pass before
Her heart will leap to hear again my foot-tramp at the door ;
And thus apart my weary heart torn both with hopes and fears,
Gives to my spirit weariness, and to my eyelids, tears.

“ You laugh and quaff your Xeres wine, around the festive board,
And jest with names of those you love which secret you should
hoard.

But I conceal how much I feel, for words cannot express
The sorrow weeping in my heart, the abject loneliness,
Illumined by a single hope, which may be all in vain,
That foes may cease to part our hearts, and we may meet again.”

DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

PRIDE.

Pride is an outside guardian to a woman's virtue. Stahl calls it, "a second chemise."

Lingrée says, "Pride and modesty are inseparable in woman—when the first goes the other follows it."

Woman often refuses with her lips what in her heart she grants, and what she is enabled to withhold only through her pride.

When a woman is proud of being discreet and virtuous, her pride is all there is of her virtue; and she shows that it has cost her so much pains to get the better of herself, that we may not repose with much safety in the stability of her love.

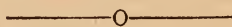
Miss Welby describes another and better kind of pride, in the following lines:

"From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,
She seems to soar and beam above them all."

An anonymous poet describes yet another phase of pride:

"A prime city girl,
With a frown and a curl
On her lip that proclaimed her a scoffer,
Was quite in a panic
That John—a mechanic—
Had affronted her pride with an 'offer.'

“ ‘Tis exceedingly queer,
I acknowledge, my dear,’
Retorted her sorrowing brother;
‘But you may depend,
To your very life’s end
You’ll never be plagued with another.’ ”

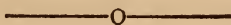


POPPING THE QUESTION.

This is a terrible business to a timid lover—a thing which he dreads more than a tooth-pulling. A long time after he knows that his fair one has made up her mind to have him, and after she has shown him that her soul, if not “in arms,” is eager for the wedding, still he approaches the final business of formally popping the question covered with blushes, and trembling with fear.

A smart, dapper little fellow, whose name was *Parr*, was very much in love with a young lady of the name of *Anne Marr*; but as neither impudence nor “modest assurance” were exactly his *forte*, he was exceedingly puzzled how to pop the question, and the poor fellow put it off from day to day, being only able to look unutterably at the dear object of his affections. At last, however, chance or fortune (which you will) befriended him, for dining one day in company with “her his soul held most dear,” he happened to have a *Parmesan*

cheese before him, and the lady a plate of *marmalade*. *Nunc aut nunquam*, now or never, says Parr to himself, and "screwing up his courage to the sticking place," and making all proper use of his eyes as auxiliaries in this momentous affair, he ventured to say to her, "Pray will you have a *little Parr Miss Anne?*" to which the lady (her eyes instantly sparkling with delight) replied, "Yes, if you are for *Marr my lad.*" The awful business of "popping the question" being thus happily got over, the delighted couple shortly afterwards entered into the silken bands of matrimony, and on the anniversary of their wedding-day, never fail to have Parmesan cheese and marmalade at the table, when the happy husband tells his friends the story of his "popping the question."



PLATONIC LOVE.

Platonic love is a *fine friendship* existing between a man and woman, in which the animal passions are supposed to bear no part. They have congenial moral sympathies. Their minds travel the same road through the regions of fact or romance, and delight in the same scenery, and in the same intellectual speculations.

Byron unintentionally gave an excellent definition of Platonic love in the following lines—

“A something in them which was not desire,
 But would have been, perhaps, but for the soul,
 Which struggled through and chastened down the whole.”

In the same poem the noble poet denounces Platonic love as something that dangerously tempts into the footsteps of vice, if indeed it is not a mask which vice wears to deceive the vigilant eye of virtue.

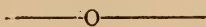
“Oh, Plato! Plato! you have paved the way,
 With your confounded fantasies, to more
 Immoral conduct by the fancied sway
 Your system feigns o’er the controlless core
 Of human hearts, than all the array
 Of poets and romancers.”

Samuel Boyse is the author of a poem on this kind of love, from which I shall make an extract at the risk of giving offence to sensitive Platonists:

“If this new doctrine once prove true,
 I own it something odd is,
 That Lovers should each other view
 As if they wanted bodies.
 If spirits thus can live embraced,
 The union may be lasting;
 But, faith! ’tis hard the mind should feast,
 And keep its partner fasting—
 ‘Nature,’ says Horace, ‘is in tears,
 When her just claim’s denied her;’
 And this Platonic Love appears,
 To be a scrimp provider.”

“Platonic Love! a pretty name
For that romantic fire,
When souls confess a mutual flame
Devoid of loose desire.”

Such loud expressions many times do come
From lightest hearts, great griefs are always dumb;
The shallow rivers roar, the deep are still;
Numbers of painted words may shew much skill;
But little anguish and a cloudy face
Is oft put on, to serve both time and place.”



PROCRASTINATION.

Procrastination is a thief of time that often steals from a lover an occasion which may never return. It is what lovers of all things hate the most.

In a Spanish poem, by Calderon, there is an interesting scene between two lovers, in which the young swain begs his pretty sweetheart for a kiss. She feigns an intention to comply, and then suddenly snatches away her lips, and roguishly sings—

“Oh no; I will send the kiss,
In a calmer day of bliss.”

In opposition to this provoking kind of procrastination, Nezame, a famous Persian poet, sings—

“Ah! crop the flowers of pleasure while they blow,
For winter hides them in a veil of snow.”

Hafiz has a verse on this subject which is very agreeable, especially to young lovers—

“But, ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear,
Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage:
While music charms the ravished ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay—and scorn the frowns of age.”

In Persia the rose and the nightingale appear at the same time in spring, and depart together at the end of summer. With the Persian poets they are, therefore, the favorite emblems of youth and love. An American poet has used this fact in a plea of love against procrastination :

“My Maggie's like the blushing rose,
Of the fragrant Persian clime,
That on the blooming meadow grows
At the end of winter time.

“For Maggie brings again my youth,
As Persian nightingales the spring,
That come sweet messengers of truth
Of all the vernal blooms to sing.

“Ah! Maggie, we must cull the flower
While yet the dews of spring remain,
Before the cruel autumn's shower
Blasts all its sweetness with the rain.

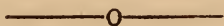
"Soon, Maggie, our sweet nightingale
 Will fly before the chilling blast,
 And sing no more on hill or dale ;
 Come, Maggie! ere the spring is past !"

"Oh, why delay the happy time?
 The hours glide swiftly by,
 And oft we see a sombre cloud
 Obscure the fairest sky.
 Then while the morn is rosy bright,
 Accept my earnest vow ;
 And oh, believe me, dearest maid,
 Love's time, love's time, is *now*."

PARK BENJAMIN.

"Gather the rosebuds while ye may ;
 Old time is still a-flying ;
 And that same flower that blooms to-day
 To-morrow shall be dying."

HERRICK.



QUARRELS.

Lovers' quarrels are sometimes like summer showers, which lay the dust, and wash the faces of the pinks and violets, and give a new freshness to the bosom of field and forest. The domestic atmosphere is often purified and sweetened by these little agitations.

Madame de Genlis says that "No kisses are half so

sweet as those which are given at the making up of a quarrel."

Lingrée says, "The quarrel of lovers is like a bellows to the fire—it makes a great blaze, but is soon over."

An old poet of Arabia, Nabegat Beni Said, wrote the following verses on this subject :

"Yes, Lelia, I swore, by the fire of thine eyes,
I ne'er could a sweetness unvaried endure;
The bubbles of spirit, that sparkling arise,
Forbid life to stagnate and render it pure.

"But yet, my dear maid, tho' thy spirit's my pride,
I'd wish for some sweetness to temper the bowl;
If life be ne'er suffered to rest nor subside,
It may not be flat, but I fear 'twill be foul."

While these quarrels of lovers are simply *acute* in their form, they are quite harmless ; but, when suffered to become *chronic*, they are dangerous, if not fatal, to the tender passion. Then nothing but *death* can relieve the sufferers.

Upon a tombstone in Rome, there is the following inscription :

"Stop and see the marvel—
A man and his wife who do not quarrel!"

Here is another which is still more ill-natured :

"Here's my wife. Ah ! well she is,
For her rest and for mine "

The following domestic quarrel is entitled "Grounds for a Divorce," by Morris:

HE.

"What can a man do when a woman's perverse,
And determined to have her own way?

SHE.

"At the altar you took me for better or worse;
Am I worse than you took me for—say,
Silly elf?—
Am I worse than you took me for, say?

HE.

"For an angel I took you in beauty and worth—
The *priest* a mere woman has given!

SHE.

"A man would prefer a true woman on earth,
To all the bright angels in heaven—
Silly elf!—
To all the bright angels in heaven!

HE.

"You ever are ready my feelings to hurt
At the veriest trifle of course.

SHE.

"Forgetting a button to sew on your shirt
You deem a good ground for divorce—
Silly elf!—
You deem a good ground for divorce!

HE.

"Well, marriage a lottery is, and a blank
Some men surely draw all their lives.

SHE.

"Such fellows as you, sir, themselves have to thank :
Good husbands make always good wives—
Silly elf!—
Good husbands make always good wives !"

"Come, Celia, let's agree, at last,
To love and live in quiet ;
Let's tie the knot so very fast
That time shall ne'er untie it !
Love's dearest joys they never prove
Who free from quarrels live ;
'Tis sure, a godlike part of love
Each other to forgive !

"When least I seemed concerned, I took
No pleasure, nor had rest ;
And when I feigned an angry look,
Alas ! I loved you best !
Say but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate !
Sure, to be grateful, to be kind,
Can never be too late !"

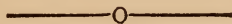
SHEFFIELD, *Duke of Buckingham*

"As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,

We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

“For when we came where lies the child,
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.”

TENNYSON.



RAPTURE.

Rapture in love is a state of ecstasy, in which the heart is quite delirious with joy in contemplating the charms of the beloved object. It may be defined a sweet pain. Byron has a beautiful passage on the rapture of love :

“An infant when it gazes on a light,
A child the moment when it drains the breast,
A devotee when soars the host in sight,
An Arab with a stranger for a guest,
A miser filling his most hoarded chest,
Feel rapture ; but not such true joy are reaping
As they who watch o'er what they love while sleeping.”

In one of Shakspeare's miscellaneous poems there are two quaint and beautiful verses, expressive of mingled rapture and disappointment.

“Take, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights which do mislead the morn.

“Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow,
 Are of those that April wears.”



RESPECT.

It is a dangerous thing for a woman to be loved too much to be respected, for love and respect do not always go together.

However, Duclos says with much truth, that “True love is always respectful, and the more a lover desires, the less he dares undertake.”

Woman instinctively feels that she may lose the respect of a man by granting what he asks in the midst of tears and oaths of sincerity. How often has an artless and inexperienced girl said, “*but you will not respect me!*” And how often has she been cheated with the fatal falsehood that he “*would respect and love her till death?*” Ah, let her not believe it! Let a woman but deviate in the smallest degree from the line of womanly prudence, and

she loses for ever the respect which is the right-hand support of true love.

In *respect* there is an element of more lasting durability than even in love, because it is based in the unfading attributes of intellectual or moral worth.

" 'Tis not its binding fair,
Though it show beauty rare;
'Tis not its cover rich, winneth me sò;
Vainly the blush and smile
Meet on thy cheek the while,
Did not the light within equally glow?

" Bright eyes will lose their ray,
Roses will fade away;
But the fair *spirit* for death is too pure;
And like its cause in thee,
Holy, and strong, and free:
While thy soul lives, my passion will endure."

MISS OSGOOD.



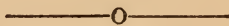
RIVAL.

A rival in love is the most terrible affliction that can overtake a fond lover. To see a lover die and then to follow him to the grave, is a light sorrow compared to the misery of beholding him borne off in the arms of another.

William Walsh, who was born in 1663, and who had the honor to be one of the first to discover the genius of Pope, wrote the following song entitled "Rivalry in Love."

"Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
By partners of each other kind,
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

"Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are laboring in my breast;
I beg not you would favor me,
Would you but slight the rest.
How great so e'er your rigours are,
With them alone I'll cope:
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope."



RUSTIC LASS.

The "rustic lass" is a phrase which conveys in one respect, the sweetest possible idea of woman. We associate with it all that belongs to an uneducated, artless, sincere, warm-hearted, and beautiful girl. Her charms

hang about her so silently that they seem to have stolen upon her without her knowledge, like those of the fair and happy milkmaid described by Sir Thomas Overbury. We associate her with the fresh dew, with the birds of the wild wood, with the green fields of spring, and with all the flowers of summer. If we see her near a bush of roses we can almost fancy it is her breath which loads the air with perfume.

Alas for this rustic lass, for there will be more skilful archers after her than ever hunted for pigeon and plover! She is a mark for every rich libertine for fifty miles around. Ah, happy, happy lass! if she escapes them. Such innocence is the easiest victim of designing falsehood.

Byron's Haidee was such an one :

“ Haidee spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,
Nor offer'd any ; she had never heard
Of plight and promises to be a spouse,
Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd ;
She was all which pure innocence allows,
And flew to her young mate like a young bird ;
And never having dreamt of falsehood, she
Had not one word to say of constancy.”

The frequent fate of these unsophisticated rustic beauties is touchingly portrayed in the following little poem by Helen Rich :

THE HUMMING BIRD AND THE VIOLET.

"A lone white violet, that leant
Upon a tuft of mosses sweet,
Her gentle head in silence bent,
To listen to the music beat
Of wings that sang a wooing lay;—
A Humming Bird, that rosy morn,
Had chanced by her retreat to stray,
And would have passed her by in scorn,
But for the perfume floating by,
From buds that trembled in the thrill,
Of morning's young and loving sigh,
Which won upon his wayward will:
And sinking 'mid the mosses green,
While flashed the sunlight on his crest,
He smiled to view the artless mien
Of Violet—her pinky breast—
And, humming his love-breathing strain,
Gleaming and floating so before her
He kissed her lips again, again!
Whilst vowing ever to adore her.
And she, poor Violet, entranced
By his soft words and fond caressing,
Beguiled with beauty—so enhanced
By music like a Fairy's blessing,
Gave all her sweetness gladly up;
Her heart lay on her dewy lip—
The bird, still humming, drained the cup,
And vowed no other sweet to sip.

Alas! on fleetest wing he flies
 To revel in another bower,
 While Violet, fast paling sighs,—
 Looks never up from that bright hour."

MORAL.

" Ah! hearts like Violets are won,
 By birds as fair and fond of roving;
 And left to droop—the bird has gone
 To brighter loves and prouder loving."

" Her bosom was a soft retreat
 For love, and love alone,
 And yet her heart had never beat
 To love's delicious tone;
 It dwelt within its circle free
 From tender thoughts like these,
 Waiting the little deity,
 As the blossom waits the breeze,
 Before it throws its leaves apart,
 And trembles like a love-touched heart."

MISS WELBY

" Give me a look, give me a face
 That makes simplicity a grace;
 Robes lovely flowing, hair as free;
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me
 Than all the adulteries of art,
 That strike my eyes, but not my heart."

BEN JONSON.

" Her feet beneath her petticoat
 Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light;

But, oh ! she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

“ Her cheek, so rare a white was on,
No daisy bears comparison
(Who sees them is undone),
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

“ Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly ;
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.”

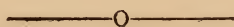
SUCKLING.

“ It is the miller's daughter,
And she has grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear :
For, hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

“ And I would be the girdle
About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest :
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

“And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.”

ALFRED TENNYSON.



ROSES.

The rose is the favorite flower of lovers. It is associated with Venus in all the classic poets; and has held that distinguished place among the poets of all nations, in all ages. Sappho tells us that Jove himself decreed that the rose should be the queen of flowers, and she says—

“It breathes of love; it blooms the guest
Of Venus’ ever fragrant breast;
In gaudy pomp its petals spread:
Light foliage trembles round its head:
With vermeil blossoms fresh and fair,
It laughs to the voluptuous air.”

And thus Anacreon sang:

“Rose, O rose, the gem of flowers!
Rose, the care of vernal hours!
Rose, of every god the joy!

With roses Venus' darling boy
Links the Graces in a round,
With him in flowery fetters bound."

All the Eastern poets use the rose as a stereotyped emblem of youth and love. Hafiz, the great poet of Persia, sings constantly of

"Love-tinctured cheeks whence roses seek their bloom,
And lips from which the zephyr steals perfume."

Mesihî, a famous Turkish poet, sings :

"The fresh blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dewdrops, glitter in her ears.
The charms of youth at once are seen and past ;
And nature says, 'they are too sweet to last.'
So blooms the rose ; and so the blushing maid !
Be gay : too soon the flowers of spring will fade."

In a poem written by Rev. Dr. Shipley of England, in 1730, we have the following lines :

"To deck her bosom Chloe chose,
Before all flowers the blushing rose :
It made her breasts more lovely show,
And added whiteness to their snow."

A blushing red rose, presented by a blushing maiden to a blushing swain, is one of the most beautiful sights on earth ; and this picture of innocence and truth may yet, thank God, be witnessed occasionally in some of

the most rural districts of America. The timid girl with two roses in her cheeks, and one less beautiful in her hand, presents the flower as coyly, as tremblingly as though it were her fresh young heart she is giving away. And who knows but that it is?



SCOLDING.

A scold is an ugly devil that creeps into the kingdom of love and converts it into a hell of hate and discontent. There was never a home so happy that it could not be converted into a bedlam by the presence of a scold.

The following lines from the Italian poet Berni, almost persuade us that the poet had himself had some experimental knowledge of a scolding wife.

“To dine on devils without drinking,
To want a seat when almost sinking,
To pay to-day—receive to-morrow,
To sit at feasts in silent sorrow,
To sweat in winter—in the boot,
To feel the gravel cut one’s foot,
Or a cursed flea within the stocking,
Chase up and down—are very shocking.
With one hand dirty, one hand clean,
Or with one slipper to be seen :
To be detain’d when most in hurry,

Might put Griselda in a flurry :—
But these, and every other bore,
If to the list you add a score,
Are not so bad, upon my life,
As that one scourge—a scolding wife !”



SIGHS.

Sighs are the interjections of the language of lovers. They are words in the breath, which reveal the unspoken and the hidden things that are doing in the heart. They are of special service to the modest fair one, in saving her the pain of pronouncing those bold decisive words, *I love you*. Without saying it at all, a sigh tells the whole story. It says whatever the heart says.

Rowe has it thus :

“All the vital air that life draws in,
Is rendered back in sighs.”

One of the characters in Lee’s “Alexander” is so conscious that sighs will disclose all the secrets of his heart, that he exclaims—

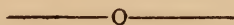
“Keep down, ye rising sighs !
And murmur in the hollow of my breast.”

Whatever the lips may say to the contrary, the heart is already conquered that answers with a sigh.

Patris, a French poet, says—

“Sighs, and looks, and soft emotions,
Will a tender flame reveal;
He who least his passion mentions
Oft is found the most to feel.

“Though from the lips the fair one hears
No word his wishes to discover,
Yet he who serves and perseveres,
Plainly proves himself a lover.”



SILENCE.

It is an old maxim in love that silence gives consent, and it is equally true that, *consent gives silence*. The heart that yields need not confess it. And silence shows at least that the proposition is entertained, which is all that an experienced lover wishes to know.

“She sat so still and spoke no word,
That e’en her beating heart was heard,
Throbbing like some enchanting bell;—
Each *throb* was virtue’s funeral knell.”

BURR.

Rowe, in one of his plays, makes a lover vow perpetual silence in the following strain :

“Far from my lips, within my breast, I’ll keep it,
Nor breathe it softly to myself alone,
Lest some officious murmuring wind should tell it,
And babbling echoes catch the feeble sound.”

Alas, the lover little imagines that this very silence betrays him ! As a means of hiding his love, silence is, then, a vain device. It is the very language of love itself :

“Silent as the extatic bliss
Of souls that by intelligence converse.”

OTWAY

“No, to what purpose should I speak ?
No, wretched heart, swell ’till you break !
No, to the grave thy sorrows bear,
As silent as they will be there :
I will not ask her, ’tis a milder fate
To fall by her not loving than her hate.”

COWLEY.

Ben Jonson says, in *Volpone* :

“The poet,
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says that our highest female grace is silence.”

The poet, here referred to, was Sophocles,* or it might have been Euripides, for he used the same expression. Indeed in almost every poet of antiquity the same idea may be found.

And this silence, which the poets have described as the crowning excellence of woman (probably because the men wish to do all the talking themselves), is really one of the conditions of genuine love. It is a thousand times more expressive than words.

Desnoyers says, "Silence has been given to lovers to enable them to express their thoughts the better."

And Voltaire says, "A sigh, a look, betrays us—all speak against us, even our silence."

That beautiful silence in which love delights to dwell is sweetly portrayed in the following verses by Leigh Hunt:

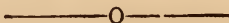
"We'll breathe not a kiss to the tell-tale air,
Nor proclaim the fond triumph for others to share,
For the rose never speaks while it opes to the dew,
And lovers say little whose feelings are true;
The soul-speaking eyes are the language of blisses,
And we'll talk with our eyes amidst silent kisses.

"'Tis silence gives soul to the beauty of night;
'Tis silence keeps secrets, the lover's delight;
The stream moves in stillness, when soft on its breast
The willows' fond leaves lie in kisses at rest:

* Γυναῖκί κόσμου ἡ σιγή φέρει.

The heart throbs in stillness, and we in our blisses,
Will honor its feeling by sweet silent kisses.

“Yes; when our lips move, yet have nothing to say,
And our eyes in each other’s warm beam fade away,
’Tis then my heart springs up and trembles to thee,
As the arrow still trembles when fix’d on the tree;
Oh, never let ear rob a part of our blisses;
Oh, all for the heart be our sweet silent kisses.”



SMILES.

Smiles are the sunshine of love which breaks through the clouds of sadness, or comes out after a rainy day, bright and beautiful, and is all the more charming after a storm. It is the sign of forgiveness to a lover who has been truant, and of the acceptance of proffered affection.

A German poet says—

“That delicate smile that, with solacing beam,
Dispels from my soul all the darkness of woe,
And enlivening my bosom with hope’s cheering gleam,
Bids the sigh cease to heave, and the tear-drop to flow.
So Sol, when he rises, dispels from the sky
The mists that would gather, and darken his way.
And borne to his gem-studded chariot on high,
From the cloudless serene pours the splendor of day.”

STOLEN.

There is a pernicious old maxim which says that "Stolen love is sweetest," which has, we fear, deluded thousands into wretchedness and ruin. The heart which attempts to live on stolen love, is as far from the path of honor and happiness, as the wretched thief who tries to subsist by robbing and plundering. "*Honesty is the best policy*," is a much better maxim in love, than the one which praises stolen amours.

But it is proper to say that this thieving maxim has generally been used, in a half-comic way, to satirize the vices of the tender passion.

It is thus used in the following old drinking glee :

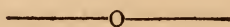
"Our wives at home, your husband gone,
To them leave care and thinking,
While gaily we the hours pass on
In laughing and in drinking.

"The real joys of love are shared
By those who are discreetest;
And here's his health who first declared
That 'Stolen love is sweetest.'"

But there are *sly* and *stolen* glances, between young lovers, which are honest little thefts, denoting the natural timidity and bashfulness of genuine love.

Such are happily described by Byron in the following lines :

"Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression,
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,
And burning blushes, though for no transgression,
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left."



SUICIDE.

Love is probably the father of more suicides than all other causes put together.

A man who kills himself because he is not loved, always kills himself too soon, for there is nothing easier than for a man to be loved, and very likely by a far worthier and handsomer woman than the one who refuses him.

On this subject Rochebrune says, "There are men who kill themselves when the women they love refuse their passion; but they are fools, for what the women refuse to-day, they may grant to-morrow. There is hope so long as there is life, but none afterwards."

Suicide is sometimes committed, not for disappointed love, but with a rash desire to join the society of a departed lover.

The most beautiful lines we have ever seen on this subject are the following, from a poem by Mrs. Helen Rich, written on the death of North, a gifted young

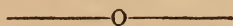
English author, who took his own life in New York a few years since :

“He resteth now—the lone and weary hearted!

Let gentle snow-flakes kiss his snowy bed;
Self-righteous world, the desolate departed
Is safely sheltered from thy crushing tread.
Hurl thy anathemas! Judging him who flung
Life from him like a curse, all unappalled!
Sneer on the lyre, too soon, alas! unstrung,
Marvel he sought his Maker’s face uncalled!

“Uncalled, say ye? how know ye that his pillow

Gave not bright beings to his soul’s clear eye,
Who beckoned him to dare death’s darksome billow,
And seek the rest of those who early die?
Perchance the voice of one who early blended
The woman with the angel, o’er the sea,
Came whispering when the day’s cold strife was ended—
‘Beloved, heaven is lonely without thee!’”



SWEETHEART.

Sweetheart is a very old word, in the language of love, to tenderly designate a lover.

In a song called “The Sorrows of True Lovers’ Parting,” written by Sir Thomas Wyatte, as early as 1525, there is this verse—

"There was never nothing more me pain'd
 Nor more my pity moved,
 As when my *sweetheart* her complain'd
 That ever she me loved :
 Alas, the while !"

In a manuscript volume, written in the time of Henry VIII., and preserved in the library of the musical historian, Sir John Hawkins, there is a quaint little poem, from which the following verses are extracted :

"Ah, my sweet sweeting,
 My pretty little sweeting,
 My sweeting will I love wherever I go;
 She is so proper and pure,
 Full steadfast, stable, and demure,
 There is none such, you may be sure,
 As my sweet sweeting.

"In all this world, as thinketh me,
 Is none so pleasant to my e'e,
 That I am glad so oft to see
 As my sweet sweeting.
 When I behold my sweeting sweet,
 Her face, her hands, her minion feet,
 They seem to me there's none so mete
 As my sweet sweeting."

SHY.

A shy lover is a lady who receives the professions of love neither with disapproval nor with approbation. She listens attentively and gladly, but still shrinks back with either real or affected alarm at the approach of her lover.

Shyness is often a trick of experienced coquettes to impress the men with the idea that they are novices in the experiences of the heart.

“ Why, lovely charmer, tell me why,
So very kind, and yet so shy ?

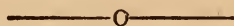
● Why does that cold forbidding air
Give damps of sorrow and despair ?
Or why that smile my soul subdue,
And kindle up my flames anew ?

“ In vain you strive, with all your art,
By turns to fire and freeze my heart ;
When I behold a face so fair,
So sweet a look, so soft an air,
My ravish'd soul is charm'd all o'er,—
I cannot love thee less or more.”

Horace has the following verses on this subject :

“ Lisetta, why so wond'rous coy,
When youth invites to pleasure ?
Think you that love's a lasting joy
That one may taste at pleasure ?

- “ Consider better, I advise,
 The question I am stating ;
 That beauty fades, occasion flies,
 While you're the point debating.
- “ Thou wouldst be but provokingly coy,
 And seem to refuse me ;
 With refusal enhance the sweet joy,
 And tempt me to snatch it from thee.
- “ Then, oh ! wouldst thou heighten the bliss,
 Thus ever, my Pancharis, fly me ;
 Thus, let me snatch the sweet kiss,
 Thus ever resist and deny me.”



SOUL.

Publius Syrus says, “ It is the soul, and not the body, that renders marriage indissoluble.”

The Saxon meaning of the original word for love is, “ a passion *of the soul* ;” and Eunapius follows this beautiful idea in saying, “ When we love, the soul dances in the eyes.”

- “ But who can paint the spell that wove
 A brightness round the whole ?
 'Twould take an angel from the skies
 To paint the immortal soul—

To trace the light, the inborn grace,
The *spirit* sparkling o'er the face."

MISS WELBY.

" Time has small power
O'er the features the mind moulds. Roses, where
They once have bloomed, a fragrance leave behind;
And harmony will linger on the wind;
And suns continue to light up the air
When set; and music from the broken shrine
Breathes, it is said, around whose altar stone
This flower the votary has ceased to twine—
Types of the beauty that when youth is gone,
Breathes from the soul, whose brightness mocks decline.'

GEORGE HILL.

" Ah! the cheek and eye will *fade*!
Beauty own immortal grace;
Throned she sits within the soul;
There is beauty's dwelling-place."

MRS. VANDENHOFF.

TAKING THE HINT.

Giving and taking the hint is a sharp practice in love, which often puts to the stretch the utmost ingenuity of rustic swains and maidens. There are a thousand indescribable little ways in which love can delicately show itself without the formality of words and declarations.

The eyes, and every expression of the face, can *give the hint*, while the young people sit demurely in church, listening to another prompter than the parson; and on the way home, the plucking of a simple violet by the roadside, and giving it to a particular lad or lass, is a very loud hint that somebody thinks a good deal of somebody.

Love has more ways to *give the hint* than there are stars in the sky.

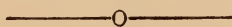
“ Young Roger is a bonny lad,
None blyther I can see ;
So trim he wears his tartan plaid,
So kind he blinks at me.
As kind I blink at him again,
My smiles I dinna stint,
Yet still he gives my bosom pain,
He winna tak’ the hint.

“ He t’ither day a posie brought,
The rose and lily too—
An emblem, I must own, I thought
Would tell him what to do ;
I courtsey’d low, and smil’d again,
My smiles I never stint,
Yet still he gives my bosom pain,
He canna tak’ the hint.

“ Ye sonsy lasses of the town,
Advise me, if you can,

That I may a' my wishes crown,
 Upon a modest plan ;
 I'll do my best to gain his love,
 My dress shall be in print,
 And I will ever constant prove,
 If he will tak' the hint."

MRS. JORDAN.



TEARS.

A tear in love is the sister of a smile—it is often the extremest smile of affection.

La Fontaine says, "Love sings victory when the tears of a young woman become the only defence of her virtue."

Poncelot says, "The first tear of love is a diamond, the second a pearl, the third a tear."

When a tear flows from sorrow, nothing dries it so soon as a kiss. But where the waters of the heart are greatly troubled the tears must have their flow.

"Hide thy tears—

I do not bid thee not to shed them—'twere
 Easier to stop Euphrates at its source,
 Than one tear of a true and tender heart.
 But let me not behold them ; they unman me."

BYRON'S *Sardanapalus*, Act iv. 1.

TEASING.

Teasing in love is a playful importunity, or vexing, with words and acts of endearment, which are pretended to be in sport. Lingree says that this kind of teasing "is a play of coquetry of which virtue often pays the expenses."

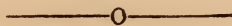
There is an old song by Dudley, which represents this make-believe sort of love as very agreeable to the ladies.

"There is something in kissing, I cannot tell why,
Makes my heart in a tumult jump more than breast high;
For nine times in ten,
So teasing
And pleasing
We find those rude creatures, the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again and again.

"Though a kiss stop my breath how little care I,
Since woman at some time or other must die!
For nine times in ten,
So teasing
And pleasing
We find those rude creatures, the dear kissing men,
That we wish it repeated again and again."

There is another song, still older than the above, in which a lady inflicts a very delicate piece of teasing upon the men, by setting them to guessing who her lover is.

"I have a heart, a little heart,
 That throbs for—I know who,
 Yet this must say—and mind me, pray,
 It is not for you, nor you.
 Oh no, no, no, I tell you so,
 'Tis no one here sincerely;
 And yet I sigh, and all for why?
 Because I love him dearly."



THORNS.

Thorns have ever been emblems of deceit and unhappiness in love. *To plant a thorn in the breast of one who loves*, signifies the cruellest treatment which treachery and falsehood can bestow upon the innocent and trusting heart.

"But my fause love has stown the rose
 And left the thorn behind wi' me."

The following, which is attributed to Burns, is a pleasant fancy upon this subject:

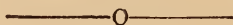
"From the white blossomed sloe, my dear Chloe requested
 A sprig her fair breast to adorn;
 No, by heavens! I exclaimed, may I perish, if ever
 I plant in that bosom a thorn."

“Just like love is yonder rose,
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briers it blows,
Just like love.

Culled to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gathered with the rest,
And with it must the heart be prest,
Just like love.

And when rude hands the twin-buds sever;
They die—and they shall blossom never;
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Just like love.”

LORD STRANGFORD.



UNDER THE ROSE.

Love under the rose is simply secret or concealed love. The rose was sacred to the god of silence, and was frequently placed on the ceilings of rooms in which guests were received, to imply that whatever was transacted there should not be made public. Hence the phrase, “Under the rose.”

The following old English song sufficiently explains the use of this term in love.

“Oons! neighbor, ne’er blush for a trifle like this,
 What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss,
 The greatest and gravest (a truce with grimace)
 Would do the same thing were they in the same place.

“No age, no profession, no station is free,
 To sovereign beauty mankind bend the knee,
 That power resistless no strength can oppose;
 We all love a pretty girl—under the rose.”



WALTZING.

Waltzing, which can hardly be called a prudent friend to married, or virtuous love, is nevertheless a great beau in the history of the tender passion, and has, ever since its invention, stood without a rival in the front ranks of amorous amusements. It is often resorted to for little escapades in love, when all other occasions are unpropitious.

Ricard says, “At fifteen the dance is a pleasure, at twenty-five *a pretext*, at forty a fatigue.”*

Fond as the French are of the waltz, their poets do not hesitate to satirize it, as a performance which somewhat trespasses upon the rules of virtuous decorum.

* *A quinze ans la danse est un plaisir, à vingt-cinq ans un pretexte, à quarante ans un fatigue.*

The following is a translation of a poem in that language, entitled *Vive la Vailze*—Long live the Waltz.

“ The petits maitres all assert,
And to the waltz cry hail,
The more the human frame’s alert,
The less the flesh is frail.

“ If in the wanton gesture aught
Pure innocence defame,
The waltz itself is not in fault,
The waltzer is to blame.

“ To twine around in mere embrace
Is but a fancied harm,
Or arm with arm to interlace,
Gives virtue no alarm.

“ When from the fair the garter shrinks,
Then bind it round the knee,
And say to him who evil thinks,
To *him* let *evil* be.”

Great skill in, and great fondness for, dancing have never added anything to a favorable impression of a woman’s virtue. Sallust, in speaking of Sempronia, the accomplished mistress of Catiline, says, “*Saltare elegantius, quam necesse est probæ*,”—that is, “She danced with more skill than became a virtuous woman.”

Cato also made a similar remark in relation to another celebrated beauty, Hudrenas.

The author of "Woman as She Is" says, "in waltzing, a man may infringe *the whole decalogue*."

And it cannot be denied, that, however glad a man may be of a chance to waltz with a pretty woman, it is an unpalatable sight for him to see his wife, sister, or daughter, whirling about in the arms of another.

"What! the girl I adore, by another embraced ?

What! the balm of her breath, shall another man taste ?

What! touched in the whirl, by another man's knee ?

What! panting, recline on another than me ?

Sir, she's yours. From the grape you have brush'd the soft blue,
From the rose you have shaken the tremulous dew ;

What you've *touch'd* you may *take* ; pretty WALTZER, adieu."

BYRON.



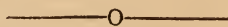
WHY.

Why do you love me ? is a question which women often propose to their sweethearts when they are making their most extravagant professions of affection. The question is easier asked than answered. Says Shelley, in answer to the question, *what is love*, "ask him who lives what is life? ask him who adores what is God?" You may as well ask a man to tell you why he prefers the odors of

the rose to the lily, or of the violet to the pink, as to expect him to give you a rational and logical reason for the passion he feels for his beloved. For a man to attempt to analyse a woman's charms, to see why he loves her, is about as absurd as to pick a flower to pieces to see why it smells sweet.

The charm of beauty falls upon the heart like light upon the eyes, or music upon the ear. "It is like the wind, which bloweth where it listeth—thou hearest the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth."

" Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye and face,
Nor for my outward part,
Nor for my constant heart;
For those may fail or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever;
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why,
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever."



WIFE.

This good old Saxon word (*wif*) is, after all, the dearest and most sacred word in the whole vocabulary of

love. Around it clusters all that is most beautiful, chaste, and permanent in the tender passion. Into whatever forbidden paths the heart of man may wander, still it must return, at last, to the hallowed name of *wife* for consolation and rest. Any other relation between the sexes, however alluring to the imagination, invariably ends in wretchedness, in shame, and degradation. Happy is the man who can sing with Robert Burns:

“She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wife o’ mine.”

Whose heart does not beat softly and joyously within him when he reads the touching picture of a wife’s virtuous and enduring love, in Burns’ song of “John Anderson my Jo:”

“John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

“John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill together;

And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither.
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson my jo."

The following lines are attributed to the Duke de Nivernois—

"Talk not of snowy locks—have done—
Time runs unchang'd, and let him run—
To us what bodes the tyrant's rage,
He knows not tender hearts to sever,
The little Loves are infants ever,
The Graces are of every age.

"To thee, Thenaira, when I bow,
For ever in my spring I glow,
And in thy years approve thee;
Could I to gay sixteen return,
With love more lasting I might burn,
But dearer could not love thee."

"Around the hallowed name of wife
Glide rapture, truth, and health;
Her breast your pillow, arms your home,
Her heart your dearest wealth.
Friends may betray, and love prove false,
As clouds appear in view;
But let Fame frown, and Fortune lower,
Your wife will still prove true."

“My bride,
My wife, my life! O we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble aim,
And so through those dark gates across the wild,
That no man knows.”

TENNYSON.

“There are two hearts, whose movements thrill
In unison so closely sweet,
That pulse to pulse, responsive still,
They both must heave—or cease to beat.

“There are two souls, whose equal flow
In gentle streams so calmly run,
That when they part—they part? Ah, no!
They cannot part—those souls are one.”

BARTON.

“In choice of wife prefer the modest chaste,
Lilies are fair in show, but not in smell,
The sweetest looks by age are soon defaced,
Then choose thy wife by wit and loving well.
Who brings thee wealth, and many faults withal,
Presents thee honey mixed with gall.”

LODGE.

“Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That Prudence must cherish what Beauty has caught.

“The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh;
But roses, and lilies, and sighs pass away,
And passions will die as your beauties decay.

“Use the man that you wed like your favorite guitar
Though music in both, they are both apt to jar;
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor played on too much.

“The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command,
Exert with your husbands the same happy skill,
For hearts, like your birds, may be tamed to your will.

“Be gay and good-humored, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind,
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of love.”

GARRICK.

WINE.

The poets of all nations, and of all ages, have represented wine and love to be as near related as brother and sister. Anacreon has a song in which he declares that he clipped Cupid's wings and then drank him in a cup of wine, and ever after he felt his tickling wings in all his veins.

Hook wrote a song in which he represented Bacchus and Venus as keeping up a clamorous war in the heavens until Jove was obliged to interfere with a compromise.

“ At length to appease the scolds divine,
 A fiat came from Jove,
 That love should be the friend of wine,
 And wine the friend of love.”

And Shakspeare sang a song quite as heretical to the social code of modern philanthropy.

“ Fill all the glasses, fill them high,
 Drink, and defy all power but love ;
 Wine gives the slave his liberty,
 But love makes a slave of thundering Jove.
 Then drink, then drink away,
 Make a night of the day,
 'Tis nectar, 'tis liquor divine,
 The pleasures of life,
 Free from anguish and strife,
 Are owing to love and good wine.”

The old Eastern poets sang perpetually of love and wine as twin-sisters who go hand in hand together. One of Hafiz's finest odes opens with these verses :

“ Hither, boy, a goblet bring,
 Be it of wine's ruby spring !
 Bring me one and bring me two ;
 Naught but purest wine will do !

“ It is wine, boy, that can save
 Even lovers from the grave ;
 Old and young alike will say—
 'Tis the balm that makes us gay.”

WOOING.

Wooing, which is sometimes confounded with *courting*, goes before courtship as sappers and miners before an advancing army. It is the John Baptist of the kingdom of love, which goes before to make the way plain for all the delirious endearments that follow in the career of courtship. It is one of the oldest and tenderest words in the history of love.

One of the quaintest poems extant on wooing was written by Nicholas Breton in 1580 :

“ In the merry month of May,
In the morne, by break of day,
Forth I walked by the wood-side,
When as May was in his pride ;
There I spied, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.

“ Much ado there was, God wot,
He would love and she would not,
She said—never man was true !
He said—none was false to you !
He said—he had loved her long ;
She said—love should have no wrong.

“ Corydon would kiss her then—
She said—maids must kiss no men
'Till they did for good and all !
Then she made the shepherd call

All the heavens to witness, truth,
Never loved a truer youth.

“Thus, with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troath,
Such as silly shepherds use,
When they will not love abuse,
Love, which had beene long deluded,
Was, with kisses sweete, concluded;
And Phillida, with garlands gay,
Was made the Lady of the May.”

Milton says that “To woo a woman is to tell her all her charms;” perhaps he’d better have said that it is to tell her that she possesses all the charms which she would be glad to have.

“Thou art the blood of heav’n,
The kindest influence of the teeming stars !
A god thy father was, a goddess was his wife;
The wood nymphs found thee on a bed of roses,
Lap’d in the sweets and beauties of the spring !
Diana foster’d thee with nectar dews.”

LEE’S *Lucius Brutus*.

“Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a lovelorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you’re doing
In my cheeks’ pale hue ?

“All my life with sorrow strewing
Wed or cease to woo.”

WOMEN.

A French poet calls woman "The heart of man;" and another designates her, "The bird of Paradise."

Stendhal quaintly says, "She is a delightful fiddle, of which love is the bow and man the artist."

Guyard says, "Woman is the great beauty, the most precious jewel taken from the scripture of God, for the ornament and happiness of man."

On the other hand, Philon says, "A woman is nothing but an imperfect male."

Milton calls her, "A pretty fault of nature."

Old St. Gregorie is ill-natured enough to say that, "A good woman is more difficult to find than a white crow."

Calderon says, "She is a dish worthy of God, where the devil does not season it."

And Molière shamelessly calls her, "A sex engendered for damning all the world."

The sneers of these great names have given a sort of countenance to the jeers of a great many young men who have but a small intellectual stock of cut and dried jokes against woman, which they vent *usque ad nauseam* in the form of puns, epigrams, and conundrums. A shallow coxcomb of this sort will complacently ask you, "What is the difference between a woman and her glass?" and with an apish grin answers himself,—

“Because one speaks without reflecting, and the other reflects without speaking.”

Those men who are always sneering at woman are generally coarse profligates or ill-natured bigots. A profound and delicate respect for woman is one of the first marks of a gentleman and a man of honor. The man who does not respect woman, rarely ever respects himself in his conduct with women.

Otway, in “Venice Preserved,” makes the following fine tribute to woman :

“Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you;
There’s in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love!”

Again, in act second of “The Orphan,” the same author says:

“Oh! thou Nature’s whole perfection in one piece!
Sure, framing thee, Heaven took unusual care,
As its own beauty it design’d thee, fair,
And formed thee by the best lov’d angel there.”

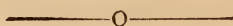
In the second act of “Sardanapalus,” Byron has the following noble lines on the tender and beautiful offices of woman :

— “The very first

Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.”

A Chinese maxim says: “We require four things of a woman—that virtue dwell in her heart, modesty play on her brow, that sweetness flow from her lips, and industry occupy her hands.”

What higher honor can be paid to the character of woman than to acknowledge that man expects to find such sweetness and purity in her?



YES.

Yes is the lover's password to the kingdom of heaven, into which it permits him to enter and find the angel his heart has sought for.

But it is, after all, a word that is rarely spoken by genuine lovers. Alphonse Ricard says, “In love, yes is a word that women never pronounce, because it frightens them; but, to the fault of their mouth, their eyes say yes, and it is those that we interrogate. It is an article of

faith among women to be guessed, which shirks all responsibility of pronouncing the word yes."

Byron says:

"Such is your old coquette, who can't say 'No,'
And won't say 'Yes,' and keeps you on and offing,
On a lee-shore, till it begins to blow—
Then sees your heart wreck'd, with an inward scoffing."

None but a novice will insist on wringing this word, delightful as it is, from bashful or unwilling lips. There are the eyes which, when questioned, never can refuse to answer—ask them.

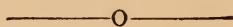
"And now the youth desired a kiss,—
Her lips said 'No'—her eyes said 'Yes,'
But, still in love the eyes are heard,
And disbelieved each guarded word.

"And so he slyly stole the boon,
Which she full half returned as soon;
Yet, 'twas not quite a kiss she gave,
But something near it—as a wave,
Or dimple on the breast of ocean,
Is to a billow's strong commotion."

BURKE

There is an old Scotch song which argues the usefulness of saying "yes," of which this is the opening verse:

“ Dinna ask me gin I lo’e thee,
 Deed I darena tell;
 Dinna ask me gin I lo’e thee,
 Ask it o’ yoursel’.”



YOUTH.

Rochefoucauld says, “It is no use to be young, without being pretty, and no use to be pretty without being young.”

This is one of those trite sayings which sometimes become proverbs without possessing much meaning.

But in love, youth is no doubt a great advantage. It is *the youth of the heart*, however, which ensures the greatest happiness in the tender passion.

As youth is the most fickle and inconstant season of life, its passions are more shallow, and less steady, than in the better sustained period of riper years.

Hoyt has a fine verse descriptive of the shallowness and fickleness of the tender passion in youth.

“ She, young and fair, expects delight;
 Expects delight;
 Forsooth, because the morn is bright,
 She deems it never will be night;
That youth hath not a wing for flight,
 Forsooth, because the morn is bright,
 Expects delight.”

Horace, as translated by Dryden, draws the following characteristic picture of the sportiveness of this passion in youth:

“ The 'pointed hour of promis'd bliss,
 The pleasing whisper in the dark,
 The half-unwilling willing kiss,
 The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
 When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
 And hides but to be found again,
 These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.”

Theocritus has an appropriate passage on this subject:

“ The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time,
 The violet sweet, but quickly past the prime;
 White lilies hang their heads and soon decay,
 And whiter snow in minutes melts away:—
 Such, and so withering is the love of youth.”

The following description of youth and love is by an eastern poet:

“ The young and blooming flowers,
 Falling in fragrant showers,
 Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smiled:
 Some on her mantle hung,
 Some on her locks were strung,
 Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;
 Some in a spicy cloud
 Descending call'd aloud,
 Here love and youth the reins of empire hold.”

An Arab poet, Ibin Altalmith, sings a strain little complimentary to this early time of life :

“ Youth is a drunken noisy hour,
With every folly fraught ;
But man, by age's chast'ning power,
Is sobered into thought.

“ Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow ;
Love with youth flies away,
Age is naught but sorrow !”

APPENDIX.

It may not be out of place to say a few words upon Matrimonial Advertisements by way of Appendix. It is almost unnecessary to observe that this method of communication, nowadays so frequently resorted to by persons of both sexes, is highly immoral in its tendency. In some cases, it may be that the design is simply to make a practical joke or have a moment's fun at the expense of the credulous or inexperienced; but as a general thing it may be assumed that the aim of the writers is to ensnare and lead astray. The too frequent result is the sacrifice of the innocent and well-intentioned. Our advice to our young friends is, have nothing to do with these things either in jest or earnest.

We have been led into these remarks by the perusal of a correspondence which has been placed before us with permission for its publication. The annexed letters were actually interchanged between the parties, in consequence of an advertisement; and it may not be uninteresting to have a glimpse behind the scenes. The gentleman, at least, it appears to us, writes in perfect good faith. We append the letters in their proper order, without further comment. The lady it will be observed, perforce, takes the initiative.

I.

"January 21st, 18—.

"SIR,—Though it is generally considered contrary to the established notions of female propriety, to open a correspondence of this nature, yet, presuming on the observation of an honorable secrecy on the subject, I have ventured to reply to an advertisement which appeared in the *Courier* of this morning. After due reflection it has appeared to me necessary that candor should, from the outset, be mutually observed, for dissimulation on either side can eventuate in nothing but disappointment and chagrin, and thus poison the cup of happiness and check the mutual communion of the heart. In answer to your inquiries, I will inform you that I have seen twenty-three summers, that I am American by birth, that my religion is comprised in the doctrine, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," that my means are sufficient to support me in comfort—and that my Christian name is

"LOUISA.

"P. S.—I shall anxiously expect a reply to the above, and I trust that you will inform me more particularly concerning yourself. Of course, in reply to your communication, I shall be more explicit in regard to my condition and prospects, and the extent of my confidence will be entirely regulated by yours."

II.

"NEW YORK, 23rd January, 18—.

"DEAR MADAM,—Perfectly aware of the unusual, delicate, and even dangerous step of advertising for a wife in a newspaper, I have, as you may well think, not been neglectful of the necessary ways and means of guarding myself against all impositions, and

perhaps ill-treatment, that might assail me through evil-disposed persons, or those doubting my sincerity. But I am happy to say that, out of twenty-two communications I have received, only one was of a doubtful character; I attribute this success to the sincerity plainly apparent in my advertisement. I was greatly flattered at the receipt of your letter, honoring me with the offer of your hand should I prove myself worthy of you, because it shows that you have understood me well, that your sentiments are exactly mine, and that the motive by which you have been actuated is free of impropriety, and honorably satisfactory as to the goodness of your mind and heart. I fear that in the description of myself I shall fall short of your expectations; but, as I expect that this will be strictly confidential on the part of both of us, I will endeavor to give it to you as well and as true as possible. Should you, after having read it, still be willing to maintain your generous offer, then you may appoint an interview, and if we should agree in our dispositions and the means of promoting our mutual happiness, then nothing will hinder us from becoming one and the same. The most respectable references will be given and expected.

“I am a Catholic, born French, but American in sentiments, my education has been liberal, and my disposition and habits pronounced to be very good; my character, I flatter myself, to be unquestionable, and my appearance rather good; I have resided here since 18—; I have been for the last eleven years in business, but the unfortunate crisis of 18— has swept away all my means, and, consequently, my present income is rather small. My first object in looking for a companion is to be happy in marriage, but if I could be supported by some small means towards establishing myself again, I am almost sure to prosper, as my abilities as a merchant are said to be of the first order, and my standing in society very good. Do not think

that I am a fortune hunter, far from it; I am willing and able to work hard, my energy and perseverance being unbounded. Now, Madam, you have the whole of it, and should you judge me unworthy of an immediate answer, have the goodness to burn this letter, and let it be seen by no other mortal eye than yours.

“My parents and my two brothers reside in town.

“I remain, dear, your most obliged and obedient servant.

III.

“January 27th.

“SIR,—As you ought to be fully conscious of the extreme delicacy of my position, I am somewhat surprised that you should have attributed to me proposals totally inconsistent with the tenor of my letter; and I can only frame a probable excuse for you in the apparent ardor of your feelings. That I made no offer of my hand is most certain—though you consider that I did—there is not a syllable of what I wrote calculated to raise such an impression in your mind. The object of my letter was merely to open the correspondence—and if, in due time, we should become acquainted, the result would depend on circumstances which cannot now be foreseen. To deem me capable of so strange a step, implies on your part a very indifferent opinion of both my prudence and delicacy, which I do not think I deserve.

“As, however, I may be writing this to no purpose, I shall not trouble you with my doubts and fears; but of the many letters you have received, mine cannot, surely, be the only one which you have answered in terms equally flattering to the party addressed. Your letter, I must own, speaks fairly enough, and bears the appearance of having been written by a man of honor; but what is there to assure me that I alone am so favored? I should like to hear from

you a little more particularly on this point—and should your reply be satisfactory, and as candid as your first letter, you shall have no reason to complain of any omission on the part of

LOUISA.

“P. S.—You will, I trust, view my caution in the proper light—for you must be aware that prudence and reserve must necessarily be my sole guide at this early stage of our correspondence.”

IV.

“NEW YORK, 28th January, 18—.

“DEAR MADAM,—That, in my answer of the 23d inst., to your esteemed communication of the 21st, I may have gone beyond the bounds that a proper feeling and regard for the extreme delicacy of your position would permit; that I may have used expressions or clothed my feelings in such a language as to give it an interpretation totally at variance with my sentiments on the subject, I willingly admit. But that in doing so I did intentionally hurt your feelings, believe me, Madam, that nothing was farther from my thoughts. In matters of such a delicate nature, we, of the rougher sex, are very apt to mistake strong for fine feelings, and, therewith, often destroy the proper impression they were intended to convey, and if I have fallen into this common error, I crave your pardon. The expression you complain of was misplaced, but I said, or meant to say, in my letter, that I was desirous of your acquaintance, and, that after further correspondence or an interview, should we agree to continue or cultivate our acquaintance, we might then, after the proper time, become one and the same. These were my ideas on the subject, and remain unchanged.

“Whatever opinion you may have of me now, I trust that in the course of our correspondence, if you will allow me to do so, you

will be convinced, not only that I seem to be, but that I am, a man of honor and capable of appreciating fine feelings, and viewing in its proper light your necessary caution towards a stranger to you.

“Notwithstanding your just severity and the erroneous impression that my first unlucky letter made on your mind, and which I am, indeed, very anxious to remove, I cannot, for all that, find a single expression in your note of yesterday that conveys the least doubt of my sincerity, and in this alone I am amply repaid; you have at least there understood me rightly.

“I have, indeed, given answers to nine different communications but only last Monday (yours was written and forwarded immediately after the receipt of your first note), and, I assure you, upon my honor, that no one was in such flattering terms, as you are pleased to observe, as yours; because every one of them failed to give me the same satisfaction that yours did, although many of them contained large fortunes, and therefore my answers were brief, stating only my present situation, nation, religion, &c.

“Should you, Madam, not be entirely satisfied with my explanations, I am ready to answer to any question you will please to ask of me.

“I shall anxiously await an answer to this letter, in the meantime I remain

“Your most obedient and truly respectful servant.”

V.

“February 3d.

“Sir,—Though your last letter was so far satisfactory that it removed my more immediate apprehensions, I trust you will not take it as evidence of coldness on my part that there has been an apparent delay in responding to the assurances of sympathy and

respect of which you have been pleased to consider me deserving, and which afford me no faint indications of the possession of a kindred spirit which harmonizes with the finest feelings of our nature. My peculiar situation, and the difficulties attendant on a confidential correspondence, will naturally render the time of my replies very uncertain—and those obstacles must necessarily remain undiminished until a readier means of intercourse can, with propriety, be adopted. Residing with my widowed mother and younger sister, and living in a very retired manner, I have great difficulty in causing your letters to be conveyed to me—and the trouble and anxiety have been such that I have been almost tempted to discontinue the correspondence altogether, were I not somewhat re-assured by the sentiment so beautifully expressed by the poet—

“ How happy to defend our heart
 When love has never thrown a dart,
 But, ah! unhappy when it bends
 If pleasure her soft bliss suspends:
 Sweet in a wild disordered strain
 A lost and wandering heart to gain;
 Oft in mistaken language wooed,
 The skilful lover's understood.”*

“ As you now probably desire to be informed more particularly concerning myself, and to meet you with frankness equal to your own, you must know that my religion is that of the Episcopal church. My father was American, my mother English. My father was a merchant in a good way of business, in this city, and——

* Our lady correspondent here unquestionably shows an inclination to banter. Perhaps she thinks the affair has now proceeded far enough, and is preparing to retrace her steps. Why else risk this specimen of “non-sense verses” from D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*?

— oh, dear, I hear my sister coming up stairs to dress, and I must send off my letter unfinished for I don't know when I shall have another opportunity.

“LOUISA.”

VI.

“NEW YORK, 4th February, 18—.

“DEAR MADAM,—Your long, and anxiously expected, esteemed note is just received. After the two previous letters of mine that were written in a style sufficiently indicating that I had understood you well; that I know how to appreciate your noble sentiments, perfectly in accordance with mine, and clearly showing to you, perhaps convincing you, of the purity and sincerity of my confiding and loving heart, I confess that I was not a little surprised at your abrupt and unfinished note. Have I not given to you, with great simplicity and truth, my situation and my prospects in life? And do I not deserve a similar return of confidence and regard from you? If you intend to trifle with my feelings (pardon this horrible suspicion, but I cannot help thinking of it,) in this way, it would be better to stop our correspondence at once. I cannot hide my feeling under a well turned and half expressed language, and, therefore, my expressions are plain. Do, I beseech you, Madam, answer me as soon as possible, that I may know if ever I shall have the pleasure of your acquaintance, or if from the present we must part without having seen one another.

“Anxiously expecting your answer, I remain, &c.’

VII.

“February 8th.

‘SIR—I can never be sufficiently grateful for the interruption that forced me to conclude my last letter so abruptly, since I was on the

point of making disclosures which would have precluded me from obtaining that insight into your character which your late communication has afforded me. You will excuse me for speaking plainly, but when you dwell so much on the state of your own feelings without bestowing a passing thought on the nature of mine, or having the slightest knowledge of the difficulties that surround me, I cannot avoid accusing you of selfishness; and, in fact, the whole drift of your letter too plainly points out that you wish to know the amount of my pecuniary resources before committing yourself any further. You talk about your candor—but I cannot find one particular in which I have not been already fully as communicative as yourself. Happy in having discovered my danger before it was too late, I can only wish that you may meet with some one whose trifling, as you are pleased to call it, will not lead to more serious consequences than mine.

“LOUISA.”

Here the correspondence closed. The letters that had passed were returned to the writers, and they never knew each other. Perhaps it was well that it ended thus; for it is exceedingly probable that one if not both would have had reason to regret, if the affair had been prosecuted further.

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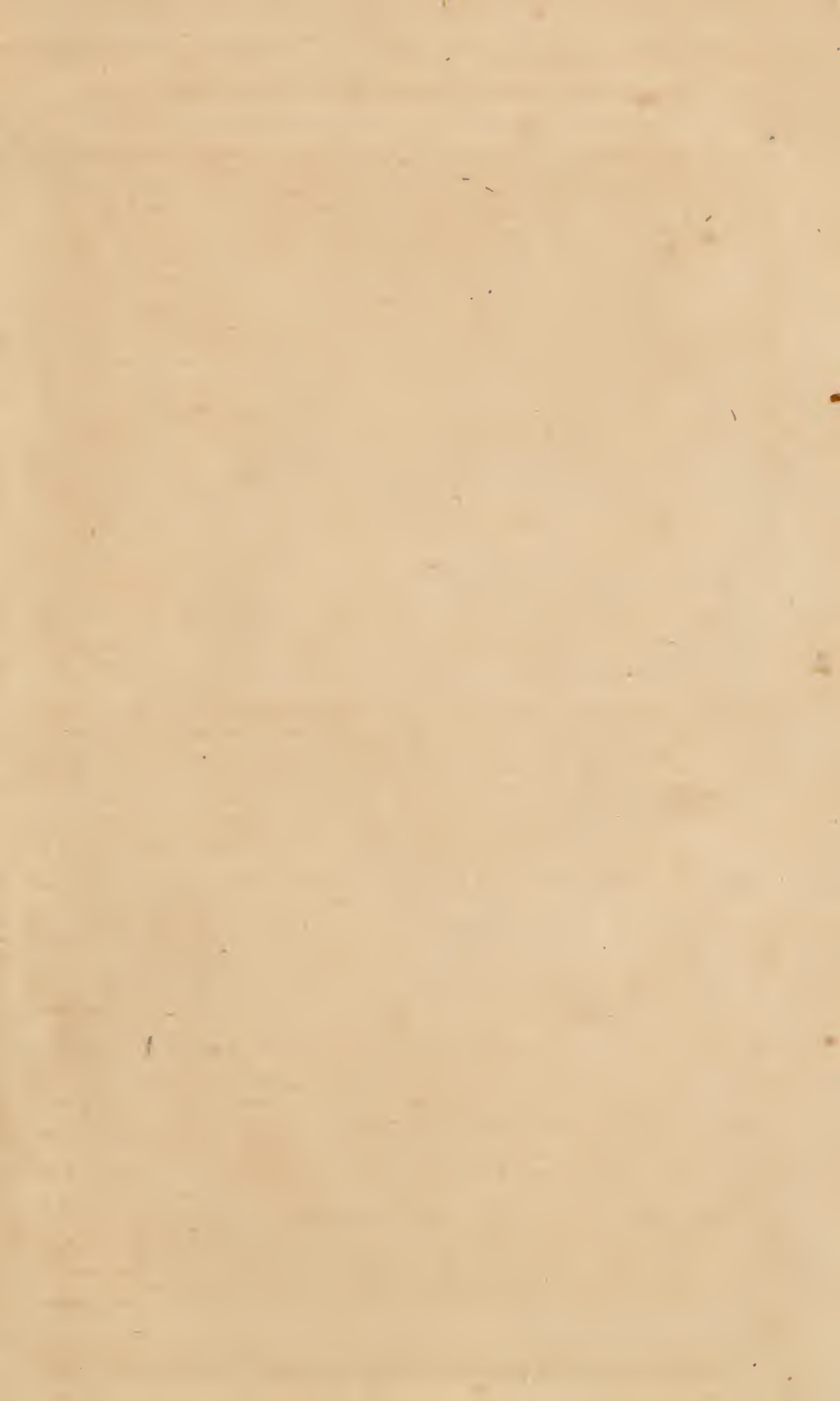
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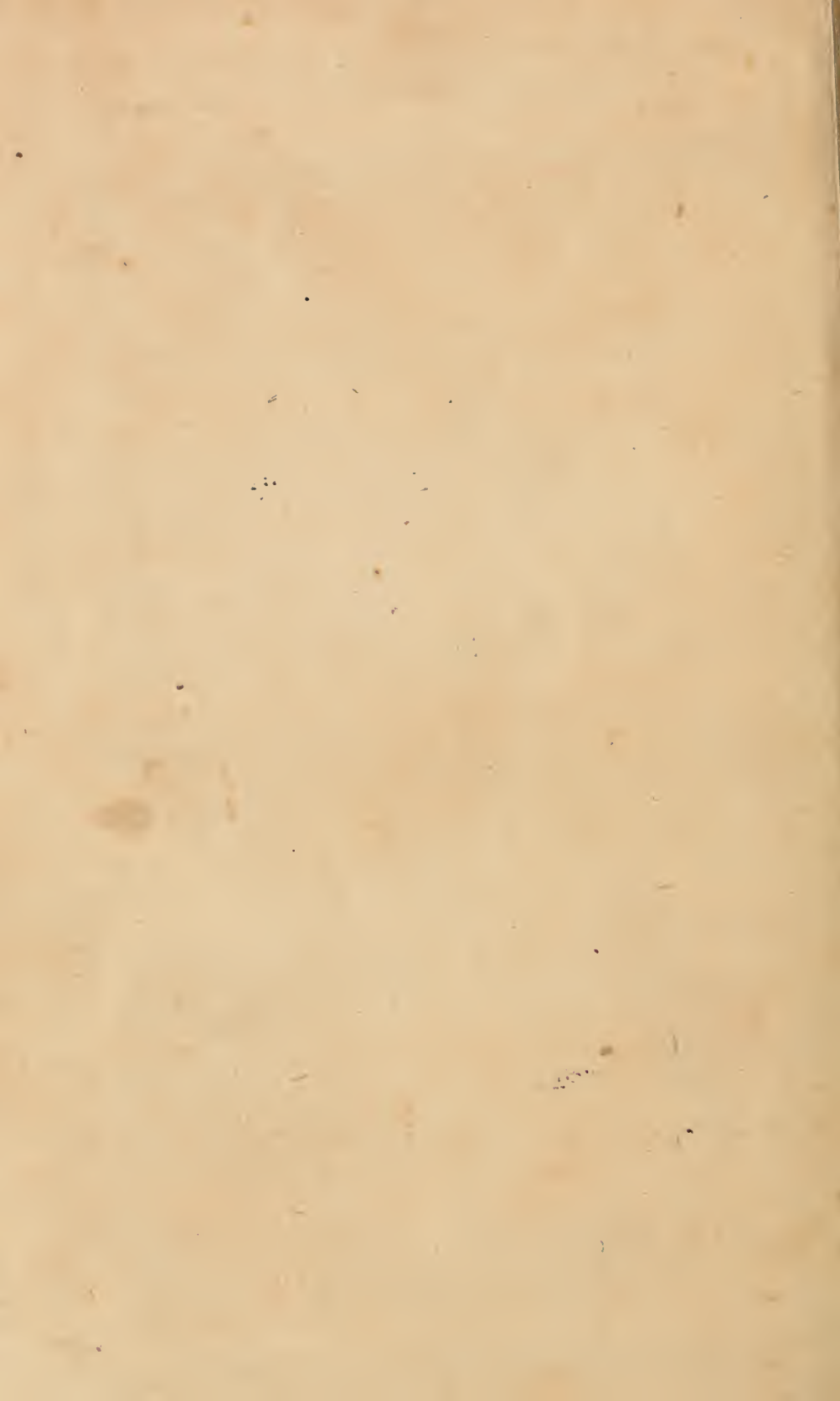
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